

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

The Week.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's speech in acceptance of the Democratic nomination was necessarily brief. When a President accepts renomination, there is no need of his explaining or propounding a policy. People judge of the way in which he will discharge the duties of the office during the second term by the way in which he has discharged them during the first. He knows well that nothing he can say will add to or take away from the materials for a popular judgment furnished by his official record. What Mr. Cleveland had to do on Tuesday, therefore, was simply to show, both in matter and manner, that he felt the responsibility of the situation in which his renomination has placed him. This he unquestionably did. His answer to the Committee was grave and dignified, as the occasion required that it should be, and he made it weighty by one or two references to his official experience. He said, with a touch of pathos, and doubtless as a plea in extenuation of his shortcomings:

"I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs; but I did not know their numerous forms nor the tenacity of their grasp. I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction; but I did not know how bitter, how reckless, and how shameless it could be."

And then, rising into real solemnity, both of thought and expression, he added:

"I shall not dwell upon the acts and the policy of the Administration now drawing to its close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high trust confided to me, I have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obligation of my oath of office. I have done those things which, in the light of the understanding God has given me, seemed most conducive to the welfare of my countrymen and the promotion of good government. I would not if I could, for myself or for you, avoid a single consequence of a fair interpretation of my course."

Was there ever in the history of American or any other politics a more thorough picture of a charlatan than Mr. Blaine has presented during the session of the Chicago Convention? While ostensibly upon a coaching trip in Scotland, totally indifferent to the work of a convention before which he had refused positively to be a candidate, he has been in reality standing at the end of an Atlantic cable, learning through constant communications with his managers at the Convention just what was happening there during every hour. Instead of holding aloof in dignified indifference, awaiting a unanimous call to take the leadership of his party, in case it came, he has shown the utmost eagerness to hurry it along, and hourly anxiety lest after all it should fail to come. One moment he "authorizes" denials that he holds any cable communication with his friends in

Chicago, and the next moment he requests a friendly correspondent in London to send a message which shows he is fully informed as to what is going on at the Convention. When asked if he would accept a nomination, he declines to answer, and a few minutes later he allows his host, after consultation with him, to give out a statement that he would accept. When this announcement is seen to have been damaging, since it disclosed his plot too soon, his host is put forward to deny that the statement was made. When the correspondent who sent it confronts the host with that statement in his own handwriting, the host reluctantly confesses that he did give it out. Lying and humbug have surrounded him and his coaching party like a fog for a week, making him and his kind of politics a laughing stock upon two continents.

There were two significant indications on Thursday that Mr. Blaine was keeping as close an eye upon the Chicago Convention as he was upon the scenery of Scotland. He had an opportunity to read in the London newspapers of the previous morning sufficiently full accounts of the Convention's proceedings to learn of Mr. Thurston's allusion to his renomination as a "political crime" and the approval of that remark by the delegates. He was able to learn, also, that the effect of the speech had been to greatly lessen the chances of his renomination, and that the balloting in the Convention was to begin the next day. In view of these facts it was, to say the least, a little queer that for the first time since the Convention assembled he should be heard from as to its work and his opinions about it. He evidently put himself at once in connection with the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, for the following despatch appeared in that paper:

LONDON, June 20.—Mr. Blaine asks me to say that all rumors in the United States pretending to give letters or despatches from him or any of his party touching political topics of any kind, may be promptly discredited unless signed by Mr. Blaine himself. He has sent nothing whatever on the Presidential question except his Florence and Paris letters, and has had no correspondence of any kind with any gentleman named in connection with the Republican nomination. Mr. Blaine is now on the borders of Scotland pursuing his coaching tour.

This was headed by the *Tribune* with the line "Refusing to Lend Aid to Booms," which meant that Mr. Blaine did not favor or oppose any particular candidate.

The second indication appeared in a cable despatch from Bellingham, England, where Mr. Blaine and Mr. Carnegie's party passed Wednesday night, which was printed on Thursday in the *Sun* of this city and the *Press* of Philadelphia. In the despatch occurs this passage:

"Mr. Blaine does not speak of political matters in any way, but Mr. Carnegie, who is, of course, well able to express the feelings of his guest, said:

"If Mr. Blaine is nominated, he will not refuse." Then Mr. Carnegie wrote the following for publication:

"If the Republican party finds it cannot

agree upon a leader, and then calls upon its former leader to lead it again, it goes without saying that it would be his duty to do so (and Mr. Blaine has never failed to do his duty), more especially since it is now clear that the campaign is to be fought upon the issue of protection versus free trade, the former of which Mr. Blaine feels to be essential to his country's prosperity. It is not anticipated that this call will be made upon him; but if made, it must be accepted."

This was much more to the point than the *Tribune* communication, but, taken together, the two utterances completely sustained the course of the Blaine-or-nothing boomers.

Col. Ingersoll's speech for Gresham before the Convention on Friday evening would not have angered the Blaine men so much as it did but for the fact that he was in 1876 the favorite Blaine orator. It was in the convention of that year that he put Blaine in nomination in a speech which gave Blaine the permanent title of the Plumed Knight, and which made Ingersoll the idol of the Blaineites for several years. Now Ingersoll has changed sides, and, like everybody else who has done so, it is extremely difficult for him to praise any other candidate without casting reflections upon Blaine. Every word which he said in praise of Gresham as an honest man, of high character and unblemished reputation, was inevitably taken as an imputation upon Blaine. Thus, when he said that "no single man, whatever his services may be, is of the slightest importance compared with the success of the Republican party," it was naturally inferred by the Blaine men that he did not believe defeat with Blaine to be preferable to success with any other candidate. His whole speech was as antagonistic to Blaine's candidacy as was its closing declaration, that, "wishing and hoping for success," he was in favor of Gresham. That is why the Blaine boomers filled the air of the Chicago hotels with complaints of Ingersoll's "bad taste."

Of all "wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality," the one which of late years has most commended itself to the support of the American people is the policy of restricting the sale of liquor by making it expensive. In his "Paris Message" of last December Mr. Blaine pointed out that "the tax on whiskey by the Federal Government, with its suppression of all illicit distillation, and consequent enhancement of price, has been a powerful agent in the temperance reform by putting it beyond the reach of so many"; and he ascribed to this policy largely the fact that "the amount of whiskey consumed in the United States per capita to-day is not more than 40 per cent. of that consumed thirty years ago." Everybody of common sense knows that, as Mr. Blaine said, "to cheapen the price of whiskey is to increase its consumption enormously," and, consequently, that "there would be no sense in urging the reform wrought by high license in many States if the National Government neutralizes the good effect by making whis-

key within reach of every one at twenty cents a gallon." Indeed, the whole philosophy of the matter was summed up in the declaration of Mr. Blaine that the removal of the whiskey tax "would destroy high license at once in all the States." The free-whiskey plank of the Republican platform commits the party to this deadly assault upon the high-license system, and we do not think that the *Chicago Tribune* exaggerates when it predicts that this "frightful blunder," which the Convention deliberately refused to correct, "will cost the Republican party tens and possibly hundreds of thousands of votes."

The amendment of the Republican platform, which was made at the last moment, is only comparable to the performance of a drunkard who should shout between drinks that he really at heart favored temperance. The anti-saloon people pleaded so hard for some recognition that Mr. Boutelle was persuaded to offer a milk-and-water declaration on the subject of temperance, which, after considerable opposition, was adopted. But the earnest appeal of the *Chicago Tribune*, repeated with the utmost urgency, that the free-whiskey plank should be taken out of the platform, was not heeded, and the party therefore goes before the country upon two planks which are diametrically opposed to each other, as follows:

The first concern of good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. The Republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality.

If there should still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the Government, we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes (whiskey and tobacco) rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system at the joint behest of the whiskey trusts and the agents of foreign manufacturers.

The declaration of the Republican platform regarding education must be a bitter pill to Senator Hawley and the Republicans who have stood with him in opposition to the Blair bill. It is not an out-and-out endorsement of that measure, but it is an admission that the principle upon which it was framed is good Republican doctrine, and that Congress may properly interfere in the matter of education in the States. A year ago Senator Hawley expressed the opinion that "one of the future missions of the Republican party, if it is to be true to the Constitution and to its own history, is to securely preserve the rights of the States" by opposing such schemes as the Blair bill. The party refuses to accept this mission, and it follows that it is no longer "true to the Constitution and to its own history." The only way of insuring the defeat of schemes of centralization is to reelect a President who can be trusted to veto the Blair bill and all other measures showing the same "tendency towards a consolidation of the entire powers of government," which, as Senator Hawley truthfully declared in his Detroit speech last year, "is one of the strongest to-day, and one of those most dangerous to the republican experiment, as our fathers understood it,"

The high-tariff plank of the platform is received with equal amazement and indignation among the farmers in the Northwest. All through that region the agricultural population has come to understand the injustice of the present system, and their demand for reform has been repeatedly illustrated by such action as that of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance, an organization comprising members of both political parties, which last March adopted resolutions endorsing President Cleveland's views on the tariff issue, denouncing the protective tariff, and calling for its immediate repeal on all raw materials and the necessities of life. When the Republican party denounces President Cleveland's views as "free trade," and proposes to make the tariff still higher, its managers show a remarkable blindness to the temper of the voters in the West. The *Omaha Bee*, one of the most prominent Republican papers in Nebraska, and an earnest supporter of the policy of tariff reform advocated by the Republican platform of 1884, condemns severely the tariff plank in the platform of 1888, and says that "a great many Republicans, particularly in the West, will regret the extreme position taken on this subject, and many such may be forced by their confirmed views respecting the necessity of a fair and wise revision of the tariff to withhold their support from the party." The *Bee* says that it had been hoped by tariff-reform Republicans that the Convention would show some advance in this matter, that it would give some heed to the large and growing sentiment in the party in favor of reducing the war tariff and giving the people the relief they require from this form of taxation, and concludes as follows: "The failure to do this will be a great and serious disappointment to these Republicans, who are more numerous than the extreme advocates of the protective system doubtless suppose. How many of them will be alienated from the party by reason of its extreme position on the tariff is a most important question, which may only be determined by the result in November."

It will be a great relief to national politics to get rid of Gov. Foraker as a conspicuous figure. As soon as he thought there was danger of McKinley's nomination, Foraker hastened to show that the suspicions which had been general in regard to his loyalty to Sherman were true, by coming out openly for Blaine and endeavoring to take half the Ohio delegation with him. Of course, McKinley's nomination would have put an end to Foraker's ambition to be candidate for Vice-President on a ticket with Blaine, and he accordingly broke his pledge to Sherman, and began to work for Blaine to defeat McKinley. The net result was such a storm of indignation in Ohio that he was forced to take the back track and promise to keep his pledge to Sherman. He can never more acquire fame by getting himself snubbed by people of consequence, because snubbing will henceforth be the treatment

which the popular voice will say belongs to him.

"Some fellow like Phelps of New Jersey." We fear that the favorite son of New Jersey has been dubbed by the favorite son of Kansas for all coming time, and we are moved to protest against the derogation from the former's dignity implied by the slighting epithet used by the latter. It would seem that when something occurs to remind the presiding officer of the United States Senate of the existence of the New Jersey statesman, he thinks of him as a frisky, light-minded, well-meaning, and perhaps windy person, to whom serious people naturally apply the word "fellow." This word has several different meanings. When we speak of a "good fellow," for example, we mean a man of agreeable social qualities, a good companion, a true friend, one brimming with the milk of human kindness. The phrase always has a complimentary significance. It is not inconsistent with the possession of statesmanship and solid qualities, but implies that these merits are crowned and ornamented with the finer sensibilities of the heart. A "nice fellow" is understood to be one against whom nothing can be said, a man of obliging disposition and graceful exterior, but without striking or showy qualities. Another grade of fellow is the English variety, known as "not half a bad fellow." This means that the first impression made by him is that of a good fellow, but that further acquaintance may modify the opinion, and that it is best to hold one's judgment in suspense for the present, but with a favorable leaning. When we speak of a "fellow" pure and simple, there are also shades of meaning which can only be interpreted by the context. We may mean that he is a good-for-nothing, that he is a social encumbrance, a person with whom we do not care to associate; or we may mean merely that he is a person to whom we have no kind of objection, but who is not to be taken seriously. Looking at Mr. Ingalls's use of the phrase as applied to the Hon. William Walter Phelps, we cannot resist the thought that it was in the latter sense that he employed it. Hence our protest. We protest against any implication, whether from Ingalls or anybody else, that the favorite son of New Jersey is not to be taken seriously, except as he may be of service in raising money from manufacturers and Wall Street.

It is the unanimous opinion of the newspapers that Harrison's nomination aroused little enthusiasm in this city. The labor politicians, so far as heard from, expressed dislike of Harrison because of his record in the Senate against the restriction of Chinese immigration. The Irish Republicans were divided in opinion, the majority of them knowing little of Harrison, and evidently waiting to see what provision would be made towards paying the rent of their "head-quarters" in case they were inclined to support him. Most of the Republican Boys had not returned from Chicago, but the few of them who had remained here appeared to

take a gloomy view of the future and of the outlook for the protection of their kind of American industry.

The President sent in another batch of vetoes of private pension bills on Friday. One of the bills proposed to grant a pension to Charles Glamann, who left the service in 1865 without having made any claim of disability, but in 1880 alleged that he had been struck with a brick by a comrade with whom he had got into a row, and injured in his left arm! Mr. Cleveland concludes his message in this case with the remark: "I believe that if the veterans of the war knew all that was going on in the way of granting pensions by private bills, they would be more disgusted than any other class of our citizens." Only blindness on the part of the Republican managers could put them in the attitude of condemning the President for vetoing pension bills, and pledging themselves to give a pension to every man who got hit with a brick in a quarrel.

The statement of Secretary Fairchild in reference to the investigation of the civil service in the Custom-house discloses a total misapprehension of the attitude of the Civil-Service-Reform Association in this matter. He goes upon the assumption that the Association has made charges against him, and states that the Association, through its officers and attorney, appeared before the Senate Committee as the medium by which certain charges affecting him and his administration of the Treasury Department were presented, and explains that his statement is published "because the sponsors for the charges against me are of such high standing and reputation, and because the charges themselves are such as to weaken the faith of those who believe them in the faithful administration of this Government." As a matter of fact, the Association has made no accusation against Mr. Fairchild, and the charges which he seeks to refute can only have been inferred by him from the character of the testimony elicited by the Senate Committee, or from publications for which the Association is not responsible. An examination of the testimony would also have shown the Secretary that he was mistaken in supposing that the sugar division possessed any peculiar or extraordinary interest for the Association, other than that which the Association had in any division or department where it is believed the Civil-Service Law has been violated. The testimony shows that the Surveyor's Department, the Weigher's Department, and the offensive partisanship of Deputy Collector Davis and others in the matter of the Binghamton Post-office, received no less attention from the Investigating Committee than the Appraiser's Department. Of the fifty witnesses who were examined, but thirteen were questioned as to the Appraiser's Department, and of the 288 printed pages of testimony, only 92 relate to that Department.

The *Iron Age* prints an article some co-

lums in length from a correspondent who pleads for a lower duty on steel wire rods, the raw material of wire fencing, which is so largely manufactured in this country. We can faintly imagine the distress of Judge Kelley, and Mr. Thomas B. Reed, and Major McKinley, and in fact all of the Republican members of Congress except three or four, when they read this appeal in a newspaper which is perhaps the best exponent of protectionist sentiment in the country as regards the iron and steel industries. It is true that the *Iron Age* does not editorially endorse the argument of its correspondent, but it gives him a hearing, and thus virtually lends its sanction to the heresy that a man may favor lower duties on some things without putting all American industry in jeopardy, lowering wages of workingmen, and pauperizing everybody between the two oceans. The argument of the writer in the *Iron Age* shows that the manufacturers of fence wire are taxed 6-10 of a cent per pound, about 70 per cent. ad valorem, on their raw material, in the name of protection to American labor, "in behalf of rod mills less than half-a-dozen in number and employing in the aggregate about one hundred men," and that these half-dozen concerns are now demanding an increased duty—in behalf of labor, of course. "It seems a fair proposition," he continues, "that the duty shall be such as to give rod mills which have chosen eligible locations, where fuel is cheap and freight to distributing centres low, a liberal return on their investment after allowing for contingencies and the payment of their present rates for labor. This protection they should have, and they are entitled to no more. It can hardly be contended that the duty shall be put so high that a profit can be made on plants erected without regard to economy of production or facilities for distribution. To do this would be to put a premium on incapacity, and protect the fool against the consequences of his folly." This is the embodiment of common sense.

The Court of Appeals has made a decision in regard to the legality of boycotting which completely sustains the position of Judge Barrett and of the General Term, and affirms their decision, that strikes for any other purpose than for securing an increase of wages or preventing a reduction of wages, are illegal, if the effect of the strike is to injure the trade of the employer. Persons who direct such injurious strikes are guilty of conspiracy. The case upon which this important decision is based was that of Ober M. Hartt of this city against an Executive Committee of Knights of Labor. The employees of Gardner & Estes went on a strike to compel the firm to discharge Hartt, an obnoxious "scab" foreman. The strikers were successful, and Hartt was discharged. After being discharged, Hartt brought suit against the Executive Committee who had directed the strike, on the charge of conspiracy to prevent him from exercising his lawful trade or calling. The defendants set up the law of 1870, which forbids the construction of laws defining con-

spiracy in such a way as to restrict the peaceable assembling or coöperation of persons employed in any trade or handicraft, for the purpose of securing an advance in the rate of wages or for the maintenance of any such rate. The decision is squarely against the defendants, and is so comprehensive that boycotting in this State is going to be very risky business hereafter.

In addition to the new Ballot Law, the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act regulating the management of caucuses. It is not a mandatory act, apparently, for it applies only to such caucuses as desire to be governed by its provisions, and so state in their calls. Ten or more persons, qualified to vote, in a caucus called in accordance with the provisions of the act, are sufficient to make it obligatory for all voting in the caucus to be upon the last published voting list, with such written additions as may be certified by the registrars of voters. The act provides a penalty of \$50 or three months' imprisonment for voting or attempting to vote without right; and wrongful voting is defined as that of a person who is not a legal voter or is not "included in the terms of the call under which the meeting is held." The object of this is to prevent caucuses from being packed by voters who have no right to be there. Nobody in the State appears to have much faith that the act will be of practical value. The opinion appears to be gaining ground in all our large cities that reform of the primaries is an impossibility, and that the only effective remedy is their abolition, nominations being made directly by committees, as they are made indirectly now. The only check which the voters can exercise is at the polls by voting against all bad nominations, without regard to their party name.

By the death of Mr. Sydney Howard Gay the country loses another of the old-time abolitionists of the ante-war period, and another of the old school of journalists contemporary with Greeley, Raymond, and Bryant. Mr. Gay was a man of retiring nature, but of the purest life and of stubborn loyalty to his convictions. He had held successively the position of managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *New York Evening Post*, and that of the chief editor of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, contributing to each of these journals, during his connection with them, a literary flavor of the best character, and a moral tone which was inseparable from his own standards. His most considerable work was Bryant's 'History of the United States,' so called, published by the house of Scribner. This was almost wholly the production of Mr. Gay, and is now a standard work. A later production of his is the life of James Madison in the American Statesmen series. Mr. Gay had been in ill-health for three years, and in the last year of his life had been entirely helpless, suffering greatly, but awaiting with infinite patience the summons of the last messenger that comes to man.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL PLATFORM.

WE remarked upon the platform adopted by the St. Louis Convention that it was not chargeable with ambiguity in its method of dealing with the tariff question, since it endorsed the President's message and the Mills bill without variableness or shadow of turning. The Chicago platform is entitled to like commendation, for it goes further in its sanction of what its framers call protection and what we hold to be tariff robbery than any other platform ever adopted since the Government was founded—further, we think, than any party in any government ever went before. The Republicans in Congress have been hesitating all these months since the President's message was delivered, doubting whether they should attack the surplus by lowering the sugar duties or by repealing the internal tax on intoxicating liquors. Hitherto nobody but Judge Kelley has avowed himself in favor of the latter policy. The Convention has resolved all these doubts by demanding the repeal of the whiskey tax rather than that of any protective duty great or small.

It almost takes one's breath away to read such a platform. It is so at variance with all former deliverances of the party, with scores of resolutions of State Legislatures under Republican control, with hundreds of speeches and votes of Republican statesmen now living, with the report of the Republican Tariff Commission only five years ago, and with the recommendations of successive Republican Presidents and Secretaries of the Treasury, that the party can be likened only to the man who made a monster of which he became the unhappy victim. Protection is the Frankenstein of the Republican party. It has taken possession of and will destroy its maker as utterly as any party was ever destroyed in all history. We have the utmost confidence that this insensate platform will array the intelligence, the common sense of the country on the opposite side. It is an appeal to stupidity, ignorance, and prejudice. Consequently, it was stronger the first hour of its promulgation than it will ever be again. All institutions of learning will work against it, consciously or unconsciously, day by day. Even the manufacturers whose interests it is intended to support, cannot unite in favor of a platform which proposes to petrify the existing tariff, and allow no reductions and no changes except in the way of an increase of duties. By so petrifying the tariff without regard to its character or its effect upon particular industries, particular classes or sections, but taking the whole thing as a "Thus saith the Lord," the Chicago Convention has passed the baton of Progress over to the Democratic party, and has made itself the representative of inertia as well as of excessive and unjust taxation.

We confess that the platform goes much further than we had supposed it was possible for any party to go. It has been a common saying that when it became necessary to reform the tariff, the Republicans would do the work if they should then be in power. But this platform binds

them *not to do it* even when they are in power; and logically they cannot, because the vote that carries them into power will be a vote in support of a platform which declares the present tariff to be exactly right, or not susceptible of amendment except in the way of increase. Now, if this sort of doctrine is to be defended through a long campaign, and in other campaigns to come, there will be many a seat in Congress, now securely occupied by members who have held out the hope of some moderate amendment by and by, that will be lost, in spite of all the money the protected classes can raise for political ends. And yet we would not have the platform different if we could. We like a "square fight," and there can be none unless the issues are sharply drawn. Free whiskey versus taxed necessities of life is a plain issue, one that everybody can understand, and the one that Mr. Cleveland invited in his last annual message. His supporters can ask nothing better.

Nothing matches the high-tariff and free-whiskey plank in the platform better than the demand for large appropriations to carry off the Treasury surplus. For the first time in the history of parties extravagance is declared to be a good thing. For the first time economy in the public service is deprecated, and by the plainest inference denounced as inapplicable to national administration. More pensions, more river and harbor bills, national aid to State education, fortification bills, navy bills, and everything else that will take money out of the Treasury, are either openly demanded or plainly hinted at as part of a desirable national policy. Need we say that all this points the way to the very saturnal of corruption in public life? Does it not add startling force to all that has been said about the dangers of a surplus revenue? Does it not give new point to the saying of James Russell Lowell that a public surplus is "a Pandora's box of infectious demoralization"? It is astonishing beyond measure that a great party, embracing at a former time by far the larger share of public intelligence and virtue, should declare itself in favor of schemes whose purpose is to squander the public revenue in order to make opportunity for high and unnecessary taxes. We do not believe that such a policy will ever be ratified by the American people.

"The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money," and condemns the policy of the Democratic Administration in its efforts to demonetize silver," further says the platform. This is about as unmeaning as anything in the literature of finance, but it conveys, nevertheless, a compliment to President Cleveland's Administration. The use of gold and silver as money is tolerably well established in this country, and nobody is now seeking to discontinue it. As silver has not been "monetized" in this country, and cannot be until free coinage of that metal is established by law, neither Mr. Cleveland nor anybody is likely to demonetize it. But Mr. Cleveland has shown sufficiently and repeatedly that he is opposed to free coinage, and also that he is opposed to the coinage of any more Bland dollars

than there is a public demand for. It will be considered by all intelligent men of business in the East, and by scholars and financiers everywhere, a fine compliment to Mr. Cleveland that the Chicago Convention has drawn attention to his position in this important matter, although the platform does not state the position of the Republican party on the silver question, except by inference. So far as inference goes, the implication is that the Republican party differs from Mr. Cleveland as to silver coinage. If any strong impression to this effect were made by the platform, it would add a great many votes to the Democratic ticket in New York and New England this year. On the other hand, it is easy to see that this plank is not the kind of deliverance that the silver-producing States and Territories wanted.

The plank relating to the fisheries is not only a menace to the peace of nations, but, argumentatively considered, is in conflict with the recent speech of Senator Frye on the same subject. The platform affirms that the pending treaty is "a pusillanimous surrender of the essential privileges to which our fishing vessels are entitled under the Treaty of 1818, and the reciprocal maritime legislation of 1830, and the comity of nations." Mr. Frye said that the Treaty of 1818 was itself a pusillanimous surrender of those privileges. It is not denied by anybody, except these platform-makers, that the pending treaty gives us more privileges than the Treaty of 1818 did. The platform to this extent asserts a downright falsehood. And why? Can the reason be anything else than a desire to catch the votes of the Irish dynamite faction? Probably the party would not declare war against Great Britain. The vote in the Senate the other day in favor of arbitration of international disputes would seem conclusive that war is not intended by keeping open the fisheries question. But the platform means that the war spirit shall be fanned, that disturbers of peace shall be encouraged, and that the country shall take the chances of peace or war during an exciting political campaign. This, we say, is a crime against civilization. If the country gets through the next five months without a breach of international peace, the good fortune will be due to the prudence of President Cleveland, and the good temper which the pending treaty itself has cultivated between the peoples of the two countries.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

THE ticket nominated at Chicago after such prolonged agony is not of a kind to excite much enthusiasm, but is, nevertheless, a very respectable one, and for this we return thanks without reserve or stint to the Republican Convention and the Republican party. It is an ideal condition in politics when the public have reasonable assurance that, whichever party is successful, the dignity of the nation will receive no harm from the character of the occupant of the Presidential office. When it is remembered how much has been escaped, how narrowly one great party has avoided a candidacy which would have again

made the personal issue the absorbing one of the campaign, the feeling of thankfulness is deepened. Mr. Harrison is a fair representative of his party—not the best one, not so good as Gresham would have been, not so commanding a figure as Sherman, but infinitely better than Blaine. He has not the personal qualities that attract the multitude, nor has he accumulated the renown which belongs to an extended public career; but, on the other hand, he has made none of the antagonisms which are usually inseparable from a long period of public service, and since his "record" is comparatively brief, his opponents will find few points of attack and his supporters will have little to defend. In brief, Mr. Harrison is not stronger than his party, but he is not weaker than his party. His nomination leaves the field open for the freest discussion of the principles which divide the American people. Mr. Cleveland is stronger than his party, but not so much stronger that the issues are likely to be obscured. It will be the merit of the coming campaign that it will be fought more distinctly on principles than any other since the first election of Gen. Grant, which determined the reconstruction of the Southern States.

The most important speech made by Mr. Harrison during his Senatorial term was that in which he attacked President Cleveland's civil-service record. This was a strong speech, regarded merely as an attack, but it gave no promise of betterment in case the Republican party should succeed in overthrowing the present Administration. All its implications and intensions were of the opposite character. The principles of "a clean sweep" were, if not fully avowed, at least clearly implied, and certainly Mr. Harrison is the man who might be most confidently expected to carry out this principle to the letter, for he was reputed to have the most insatiable appetite for offices that ever haunted the departments at Washington. So rapacious was his quest for places for relatives and friends that Mr. Blaine, when Secretary of State, is reported to have said that "Harrison had asked for thirteen more first-class missions than there were on the diplomatic list." So far as civil-service reform is concerned in the campaign, we should expect, in the event of Mr. Harrison's election, to see the practices of Andrew Jackson's first term repeated with something bordering on fury.

But the civil-service question, important as it is, will not be the decisive one of the campaign. The real question is the tariff and the surplus. It may be assumed that the American people are in favor of sufficient protection to counterbalance the higher wages paid in manufacturing employments here as compared with like industries abroad, but not sufficient to create monopolies, trusts, and "combines." The impression has been cultivated, as the Oregon election has shown, that the Mills bill, which still leaves 40 per cent. average duties on manufactures, as against 47 1-10 per cent. now prevailing, is a free-trade measure, and that the whole tariff is coming down by the run. This is so gross a perversion of facts that it

cannot last through a campaign. The Republicans have done much in their platform to dissipate the illusion and to prove that protection is not upheld for the sake of wages, but for the sake of protection. Their doctrine, stated broadly and without disguise, is, that if there were no Government expenses at all, it would still be desirable to tax imports by as much as 47 1-10 per cent. average and without much regard to the kind of property imported. There could not be a fairer issue, or one offering better opportunity for national education. We think that Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party will gain votes continuously as the campaign proceeds and the truth is made clear to the people that taxes, however laid, are burdens on industry, and that the country cannot get rich by increasing and multiplying such burdens.

Of Mr. Morton we have only to say that while he is an eminently respectable man, who would fill the place in which it is proposed to put him with dignity and tact, it is probably not to his fitness, so much as to his wealth, that he owed his selection. The Republican "workers" in this city are more in need of funds than they have been at any time since their organization; but we trust Mr. Morton has had sufficient experience of them and their ways to see that his contributions to campaign expenses are sent to the Chairman of the National Committee only.

A PARTY OF SPECIAL INTERESTS.

"GOVERNMENT of the people, by the people, for the people," was the ideal which Abraham Lincoln, in his Gettysburg address, presented as the highest aim of our institutions. The party which had elected Lincoln to the Presidency was an organization which might well profess such an aim, for it was in its origin a party of the people, by the people, for the people. Its great object, its sole excuse for existence, indeed, was the restriction of slavery, which was in itself a crime against the people. It was the conviction of what Lincoln called "the plain people" that slavery was a wrong to them as well as to its victims, which brought the Republican party into being and carried it into power.

In his 'Twenty Years of Congress,' Mr. Blaine clearly points out this distinguishing characteristic of the Republican party in the days of its youth. In speaking of its National Convention in 1856, he says: "The Democracy saw at once that a new and dangerous opponent was in the field—an opponent that stood upon principle and shunned expediency, that brought to its standard a great host of young men, and that won to its service a very large proportion of the talent, the courage, and the eloquence of the North." Of the Chicago Convention of 1860 the same writer well says: "It was a representative meeting of the active and able men of both the old parties in the North, who had come together on the one overshadowing issue of the hour. Differing widely on many other questions, inheriting their creeds from

antagonistic organizations of the past, they thought alike on the one subject of putting a stop to the extension of slavery. In the entire history of party conventions, not one can be found so characteristic, so earnest, so determined to do the wisest thing, so little governed by personal considerations, so entirely devoted to one absorbing idea."

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between this picture of the Convention of 1860 and the spectacle presented at Chicago last week. The personnel, the officers, the tone of the gathering were those of another party. The delegates were, more largely than usual, men unknown beyond their own districts or States, and who had no claim to be better known. Flanagan himself was there—the immortal Flanagan, whose inquiry in the Convention of 1880 has become historic, "What are we here for except for the offices?"—and with him a host of Flanagans, whose only idea of politics was to get a share of the spoils, which is all that a party victory ever means to them. Another numerous class was composed of the men whose only request of the party is, that it shall adopt a policy which shall put money into their pockets—the protected classes, who, as President Foster of the Republican League has frankly confessed, are the persons "who are most benefited by our tariff laws," and as a United States Senator, quoted by Mr. Foster, says, are "getting practically the sole benefit, or at least the most directly important benefits, of the tariff laws." A third class consisted of the men who represent great corporations which seek unfair advantages from the Government. Take out these three classes—the professional politicians who are after the offices, the representatives of the protected classes, and the representatives of the corporations, all of whom are "governed by personal considerations"—and but little of the Convention would have been left.

The Convention was called to order by a manufacturer whose firm is one of the seven members of the combination which, by the help of a high tariff, fixes the price of steel and iron beams. Its temporary Chairman was a man whose only prominence has come from the unsavory reputation he has acquired as counsel of a Pacific railroad. Among the candidates for the Presidential nomination was a millionaire who had gained the wealth which alone made him a candidate, by the unjust tariff upon lumber.

Incidents illuminate the character of an assembly. Two may be cited which reveal the low tone of the Chicago gathering. The character of the delegates from the Pacific Coast, who were the loudest Blaine howlers, was thus described: "The Pacific Slopers are a noisy lot. They are furnished with ammunition enough to keep up a howling racket for a month. A space 10x20 in their headquarters is the magazine. In it are scores of cases of Burgundy and gin and brandy stacked up to the ceiling. It's as free and untrammelled as the humidity of the Queen City. It's rum in thirteen different ways, and more rum if wanted." For a companion picture, take the night

scene in the room of the Committee on Credentials on Tuesday, when Mahoneites and anti-Mahoneites, each a crowd of selfish and unprincipled politicians, got into a row which could only be quieted by the help of the police. As a man is known by the company he keeps, so a party is known by the delegates who are chosen to its national convention. The boisterous crowd from the Pacific Coast, the quarrelling bullies from Virginia, are not the sort of men who attended Republican conventions in 1856 and 1860.

In 1856 and 1860 the Republican party was an organization of unselfish men, who appealed to the intelligence of the nation. In 1888 it has sunk to be a party of special interests, based upon the selfishness of men who want to make money or get offices out of it, and it goes before the country upon a platform which "insults the intelligence of the people"—to quote Mr. Depew's characterization of Mr. Blaine's "rebel-debt" speeches in 1872—by yelling "free trade," when the Democrats propose to carry out the very policy of lowering taxes and reducing the surplus which the Republicans themselves advocated in their better days.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL AND "PROTECTION."

THE question of international copyright has nothing to do with free trade or tariff protection. So far as this country is concerned, it is simply a question whether we will be an honest or a dishonest nation. And as regards legislation, the question is, Shall we enact a law to surround the literary property of the foreigner with such legal safeguards as will prevent the appropriation of it by any one without the consent of its owner? It is, in truth, merely a question whether the national conscience is so far aroused that it will ask Congress to blot out from our statute-book the legislative enactment which says that the legal protection which has been accorded to the productions of our own authors, shall not apply to works brought into this country by authors who are not citizens of the United States—an infringement of the principle of the equality of aliens and natives before the law which does not disgrace the literary-property legislation of any other nation, but which (to the unenviable notoriety of our country) has existed in our copyright statutes for nearly a hundred years. There is, therefore, aside from the desire for a clear conscience upon the part of the people at large, but a single interest concerned in international copyright legislation, namely, that of the foreign author. And as the thing desired is simply the extension to the foreign author of the *property* protection now accorded by our copyright statutes to the native author, the simplest enactment which will remove the limitation of such protection to citizens of the United States is entirely sufficient. The fourth section of the Copyright Bill drawn up in January, 1885, by the American (Authors') Copyright League, may be quoted as the ideal international copyright act under present circumstances:

Be it enacted, etc., That section 4971 of the Revised Statutes of the United States is hereby

repealed; section 4954 is amended by striking out the words "and a citizen of the United States or resident therein," and section 4967 is amended by striking out the words "if such author or proprietor is a citizen of the United States or resident therein."

This brief enactment is amply sufficient to extend every privilege conferred upon native authors by our present copyright laws to foreign authors, and to place all authors, the world over, upon exactly the same footing as regards the security vouchsafed their literary productions within the limits of the United States. Moreover, it will enable our authors to obtain in all the important countries of Europe a reciprocal protection for their productions, for a more liberal spirit has pervaded the copyright legislation of foreign States than has prevailed in our own laws. France and Belgium grant copyright security entirely without respect to nationality, while Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Hungary extend protection to all works first, or simultaneously, published within their borders; and the laws of each of these countries (except the one last named), as well as those of Spain, Portugal, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, contain reciprocity clauses which guarantee protection to the works of the authors of such other countries as have enacted reciprocal protection to the works of their authors.

But an examination of the copyright bill which was passed by the Senate on May 9 discloses the curious fact that while its first section includes all three of the provisions of the brief act quoted above, they are almost lost to sight among a number of stipulations which, when not simply repetitions of provisions already contained in the present copyright law, have nothing to do with the simple granting of an honest security in this country to the foreign author's property. The question may well be asked, therefore, For what purpose, or for whose benefit, are these carefully framed stipulations made a part of the copyright bill? And possibly the answer will disclose the reasons why this bill has been called a "protection" measure. The report from the Committee on Patents which accompanied the bill, contained the following paragraph concerning its provisions. The italics are ours:

"It is believed that in its present shape *all interests* are carefully guarded, and the Committee are gratified to report to the Senate that at the public hearing held in regard to this subject *every interest* was well represented, and an extraordinary degree of harmony prevailed in regard to it."

But an examination of the appended stenographic report of the hearing referred to shows that while American authors, American publishers, American printers and typesetters, and American booksellers were on hand to urge the advantages *they* were to derive from the passage of this bill, the foreign authors—in whose behalf the international-copyright agitation is supposed to have been created—had not a single representative present; and in the fifty pages of the printed report of this hearing there is not to be discovered anything beyond cursory reference to the fact that the American public demand of Congress international-copyright legisla-

tion upon the sole ground of *justice to foreign authors!* In short, this document gives evidence that the primary object of the measure was lost sight of in a strenuous endeavor to convince the Committee that, in framing this bill, "all interests," as the report cautiously puts it, were "carefully guarded."

In their previous report, however, the same Committee were not so guarded in their language, and plainly stated therein that the provisions of the bill were designed to "carefully protect the American publishers and the American artisans who make the books in this country," which protection would only insure to the latter, according to the report, that which they "now possess, the labor put upon the publication of foreign books." In other words, the argument is that a certain amount of work now accrues to American publishers through the reprinting of English books which, under an unrestricted bill like that set out above, would be lost to them, because English authors would arrange with their publishers in England for editions of their books to supply the American demand, owing (so says the report) to the existence of "a peculiar and insular anti-American prejudice in the minds of many English authors." In view of the admission made in the same paragraph of the additional cost of manufacture in this country, this would seem to be only ordinary good sense upon the part of English authors; but doubtless the result predicted would follow, and, "in that case," the Committee argue, "our tariff would become inoperative as a protection to the American publisher and the American workman." That is to say, the cost of manufacture is so much less in England that the present tariff tax of 25 per cent. upon that cost would not be large enough to induce English authors to have their books made in this country. The Committee were, therefore, constrained to devise some method to counteract the practical results of the first section of their bill; and as an increase of the duty upon books was not a tenable proposition, the short cut was adopted of *compelling* the English author to give his books to American publishers for manufacture, as a return for the privilege of copyright conferred; and that this should be no half-way measure in the latter's behalf, it is forbidden any one in this country to use copies not made by an American publisher, unless he shall have obtained first the gracious permission of the latter (who becomes the "copyright proprietor" of the bill) to import the foreign edition. Moreover, as certain native authors had had the temerity to have their own works printed abroad (in face of the plain intimation implied in the imposition of a duty of 25 per cent. upon imported books that there was a moral obligation upon their part to support American book manufacturers), the convenient opportunity was seized to make entire manufacture in the United States *compulsory* upon the part of American authors also, with the alternative of no copyright security for their books in their own country.

Certainly, in the face of these stipulations, the naïve assertion contained in the report that "the duties might be entirely removed

from books or other copyrighted articles without in any sense affecting the operations of this bill, or they might be doubled or quadrupled and still be without such effect," may be acquiesced in; but it must by this time be plain to our readers that certain provisions of this bill, which are repeatedly admitted in the first report of the Committee to have been formulated for the express "protection" of American publishers and printers, secure to them a monopoly far beyond anything it is possible to obtain by means of legitimate tariff legislation.

COSMOPOLITAN MADRID.

SEVILLE, May 31.

SPAIN ought to be the favorite resort of those Anglomaniacs who turn up the ends of their trousers in New York or Boston when it rains in London. In Spain they would be *inevitably* taken for Englishmen even if they did not ape the latest London fads; for the Spaniard makes no distinction between Englishmen and North Americans, but labels them indiscriminately as "Ingleses." "American" here means South American, and if you tell the natives you are an American, they are apt to express surprise that you do not speak Spanish as fluently as they do. This misunderstanding seems to extend even to South Americans who visit the "old country," and who not infrequently apply to the "American" Ministry in Madrid for assistance or advice. In view of the close relations between Spain and South America, all this seems natural enough; but it is not flattering to one's national vanity to be thus summarily sponged out of existence. What is particularly aggravating is to find a number of American inventions utilized in Spain and invariably placed to the credit of the "Ingleses." I was annoyed to find that street cars are supposed to be an English invention; but my indignation rose to fever heat when I entered a place marked "English Drinks" and found—a genuine American soda-water fountain, an article positively unknown in England!

The word "Ingleses" meets the eye at every corner in modern Madrid. There are for sale English hats, English cravats, English biscuits, English candles and matches, etc. One also comes across German goods occasionally—a lithographic establishment, or a Wagner opera in the window of a music store by the side of "Carmen"; but the English predominates, even over the French, which has always hitherto made its influence felt in Madrid. In fact, the Spanish capital has never been a thoroughly Spanish city. Though known to history almost a thousand years, it remained a mere village until Charles V. made it his occasional residence, and Philip II., in 1560, his capital; and even then it did not grow with special rapidity, for of its 500,000 inhabitants, 300,000 have been added within the last thirty years—consequently a large part of the city has an essentially modern aspect, resembling other European cities. This is especially true of the heart of the city, the square known as the Puerta del Sol, where ten streets and all the tramway lines meet, and whence they diverge in different directions, like so many arteries. By taking each of these tramway lines in succession one can get in a few hours a general impression of the city, at a most insignificant expense, for the fare is only two cents. The cars are moved by mules who are always urged to run, even up hill; but in steep places an extra mule is attached. These tramways pass through some streets that are

tortuous and narrow enough to remind one of southern Spain, but as a rule the streets are wider than in the southern cities, and the houses higher, since there are no earthquakes to guard against in this part of Spain. The streets are very badly and roughly paved, and therefore exceedingly noisy, but otherwise they are kept in excellent condition, free from dust and filth; the inhabitants having learned a lesson or two in hygiene since the days of Charles III., whose efforts to clean the streets were opposed on *sanitary* grounds!

An inestimable boon to the city from this point of view is its abundant supply of water, with which the streets are sprinkled with hose at intervals sufficiently frequent to lay the dust. This water is brought to the city from the Guadarrama Mountains, a distance of thirty-two miles, by means of an aqueduct which cost nearly \$25,000,000. The introduction of this water deprived Madrid of one of its most picturesque features, the water-carriers; but it gave it instead not only cool and clean streets, but gardens and parks and good drinking water. Three hundred years ago, we read, Madrid lay in the midst of dense forests, in which kings hunted boars and bears. Subsequently these trees were cut down, so that to-day the same regions are bleak and barren as a desert. But since the building of the new water-works, green oases of groves have sprung up again, and these, it is said, are already beginning to modify the climate, so that it is probable that if the present policy is continued, irrigation may restore to Madrid its former pleasant climate, instead of its present one, which is described as consisting of nine months' winter and three months' hell. Shade is the one thing Madrid needs, and if this were supplied, its trying and sudden changes of temperature would not be so great. The neighborhood of a range of mountains which even in summer are crowned with snow, renders the winter exceedingly cold, all the more since Madrid itself lies at an elevation of almost 2,500 feet above the sea. But from an aesthetic point of view these mountains constitute one of the greatest charms of the Spanish capital. In walking along the superheated streets of Madrid, nothing could be more delightful than the occasional glimpses one gets of these snowy summits, which make the tourist fancy himself in Innsbruck or Interlaken, instead of in sunny Spain. Altogether, I think the surroundings of Madrid have been too much depreciated by tourists and guide-book makers. From the neighborhood of the chapel of San Isidoro, across the river, one overlooks a wide expanse of dreary but sublime plains, interrupted by hills, with the chapel which marks the exact centre of the Iberian Peninsula on one side, and the Snow Mountains on another. I know of few more picturesque situations for a capital; and the rapid increase in the population of Madrid, together with the healthy appearance of the inhabitants, indicates that the climate is not quite as bad as its reputation.

Returning to the Puerta del Sol, and subjecting it to a closer scrutiny, one cannot but wonder at first why it should be such a famous place. It is an ordinary square, such as may be found in almost any city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and is not even the finest square in Madrid. Its importance lies in the fact that, as already intimated, it is the heart of the city and the centre of its traffic and amusements. The buildings which frame it in are the principal hotels in the city, and here, too, are situated several of the principal cafés, in which the gossips discuss and the politicians settle the affairs of the nation. These cafés are very large, but not so elegant as the Parisian

and Viennese cafés, nor is the coffee as good. But the chocolate is excellent, and still better are the various sherbets and compounds of lemon, sugar, and water, in the brewing of which the Spaniards exercise as much ingenuity as the "Ingleses," i. e., Americans, in their mixed drinks. There are no newspapers at the disposal of frequenters of the cafés, but they can buy the local sheets at the door, where there is generally a small news-stand. Most of these Spanish newspapers sell at one cent, and they contain very little of interest to foreigners.

The Madrid cafés give one a vivid sense of the fact that the Spaniards are the most democratic nation in the world. In Paris or Vienna one hardly ever sees a peasant or an ill-dressed city loafer enter a café; but in Madrid all classes meet in these places on equal terms, the peasant thinking he has as much claim to the title *caballero* as the politician or officer. In this democratic atmosphere it strikes one as all the more odd that the guests should call the attention of the waiters by clapping their hands—which may be a relic of Moorish days in Spain.

The hotels in Madrid and other Spanish cities are becoming modernized so rapidly that one has to go to the cheaper ones if he wishes to see what a Spanish *fonda* is like. In the larger hotels the *menu* is printed in French, and the cookery is French too. Certain dishes peculiar to the country continue, however, to give a local flavor to the meals, and the Spanish hours are always retained. For those rare and eccentric beings who get up before ten o'clock a *desayuno* is provided, consisting of chocolate or coffee, with bread and butter. It is a most unsatisfactory way to begin the day, because it leaves one hungry all the forenoon, even if one can swallow the bread and butter. Spanish bread is, perhaps, not unwholesome, but it is unappetizing and heavy, and the crust is almost as hard as a cracker. Of the butter a little goes a great way. The Spaniards need what little pasturage they have for their bulls, so that cows are scarce, and goats have to be depended on for the breakfast requisites. Goat-milk to me is an abomination, yet it is the only kind one can get here. It is quite unwholesome in summer to foreigners, and hardly less so to the natives, who have a not very charitable proverb to the effect that in March milk is good for yourself, in April for your brother, and in May for your mother-in-law. If the guide-books would condescend to mention this matter, many a tourist might be saved a few days of discomfort, such as I suffered from until an Englishman, who has long lived in the country, advised us to drink our coffee without milk, or take chocolate, and quoted the proverb just referred to.

Much more satisfactory are the other two meals which are served in this country—the *almuerzo* or breakfast, and the *comida* or dinner. The latter is generally served as a table d'hôte at a fixed hour, while the *almuerzo* must be a sore trial to cooks and waiters, since it lasts from ten to one o'clock. Every one drops in when he feels hungry; and orders, from a list of a dozen or twenty, three dishes, which are cooked to order in ample portions. The first course generally consists of eggs in some form or other, or some kind of sea-food, of which there is a great variety. Kidneys, beefsteak, and mutton cutlets are always on the list. For dessert there are cheese, oranges, cherries, strawberries (small but good), apricots, roasted almonds, etc. Strawberries are eaten with sugar and the juice of an orange squeezed over them, which I find better (i. e., with a *Spanish* orange) than the French way of adding claret, or the American of adding cream. At the

table d'hôte one occasionally, but not often, gets opportunity to taste the famous national dish, the *puchero*, of which De Amicis happily says that "it is, in regard to the culinary art, what an anthology is to literature: it is a little of everything and the best." There are slices of beef, ham, smoked sausage, fowl, and other kinds of meat, and little piles of various kinds of vegetables heaped around the plate. The guest helps himself to one or all of these as he chooses. A decanter of red wine, Val de Peñas, is placed between every two plates, and if emptied is filled again, without charge. But it rarely is emptied unless two Frenchmen happen to get hold of the same bottle. Spaniards drink very little of their wine (although it is good and much purer than French wine), and tourists soon follow their example, whatever may be their habits at home. The climate of Spain is antagonistic to strong drink, and a temperance question does not exist here. Indeed, I do not think a Spaniard could be more astonished than by the question whether there was a temperance or total-abstinence movement in his country.

I believe that not a few persons who would like to see the art treasures of Spain are deterred from visiting the country by their belief in the old myth that fastidious strangers must starve here, because everything is fried in unpalatable oil and seasoned with garlic. This apprehension is to-day as groundless as the fear of meeting with highwaymen. Since the Government placed the country under the protection of the "civil guards," who are to be seen in couples at every station, etc., Spain is as safe as any country in the world to travel in; and since French—or rather Swiss—methods have been introduced in the hotels, garlic and bad oil have become memories of the past, and one fares as well in Spanish hotels, at least in the cities, as anywhere, while the charges are remarkably reasonable, rarely exceeding \$2 to \$3 a day, everything included—\$2.50 being the average, at the best hotels. Nor are Spanish trains so slow or so inconvenient in their hours as they have been represented by tourists who know of no other way of spicing their letters than by exaggeration. The fast train from Paris to southern Spain necessarily traverses part of the way at night. But one sees the Pyrenees scenery, and subsequently, by selecting the proper trains, one can traverse the whole of Spain by daylight.

The only real ground for complaint which tourists have is that the natives stubbornly refuse to modify their climate and their habits to suit the convenience of strangers. It is embarrassing, on arriving in Madrid, to find that, roughly speaking, the inhabitants sleep in the daytime, and live and move about at night. Now, a tourist wants to see both the city and its inhabitants. But the city can only be seen comfortably from 8 to 10 A. M., before the sun becomes unbearable, and the inhabitants can only be seen from 7 P. M. to 2 A. M. The only way out of the dilemma is to "do as the Romans do": take a two-hour nap, or siesta, in the afternoon; then you can get along with six hours' sleep at night, and rise early to see the sights. The afternoon is of no use anyway, as the heat is too enervating to allow any mental or physical exertion. But the Spaniards, not content with their siesta, devote the golden morning hours also to sleep, and herein, I am convinced, lies the main cause of Spanish decadence. The five hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. are worth more for solid work of any kind than all the other nineteen hours, and these precious hours the Spaniards waste, partly in sleep, partly by an untimely, heavy meal at eleven or twelve. No amount of night work can ever

atone for the hours thus sacrificed. "Morgens stunde hat Gold im Munde."

Yet it cannot be denied that there is a peculiar fascination in Spanish night life; and a nation which lives more for pleasure than for business cannot be blamed for its customs in this respect. Sun-worship could never have originated in Spain. The most delightful thing in Spain is the wonderfully blue sky, the most detestable thing the sun that causes it. No Spaniard would ever have sold his shadow to the devil, like the German, Peter Schlemihl, for such a paltry thing as a purse of gold which never became empty; for, much as he likes gold, he likes shade more. An "ombra" seat in the bull ring costs twice as much as a seat in the sun, and in walking about during the day time along their tortuous streets, the natives constantly cross and recross them in order to utilize every yard of shade. No sooner has the sun set than the deserted streets become populous, and everybody hastens to the Prado, or public promenade, to enjoy the cool and fragrant breezes and greet his friends. All who can afford it—and many who ought to spend their scant income in a more sensible way—come out in their carriages. No other city in the world can turn out so many teams of Andalusian horses, as proud and as graceful as their masters and mistresses; but nowhere, on the other hand, would one see the ignoble mule team amid such a procession of aristocratic carriages. The mule may be a noble animal, but, by the side of the Andalusian horse, he looks very uncouth and utilitarian. Yet those who sit in the carriage behind the two mules appear not a bit less vain than the occupants of a four-horse carriage, and doubtless consider themselves a degree higher in the social scale than those who walk along the Prado. On Sundays and holidays there is such a dense throng of pedestrians that one can move along but slowly—which is just what you want, since there is much to see. Reserving my remarks on Spanish women for a special letter, this much I may say here, that I saw more feminine beauty in one week in Madrid than I ever saw anywhere else in four weeks. And it is pleasant to notice that there seems to be a reaction in favor of the mantilla, at least in the middle classes, whose heads are not so often disfigured as ten years ago by the hideous Parisian hats.

The procession—and public reception—in the Prado is a bit of genuine Spanish local color in cosmopolitan Madrid. To see more local color one has only to go to Toledo Street and the older quarters of the city to find it in abundance. I was so fortunate as to be in Madrid on May 15, when the principal festival of the year is celebrated by the lower classes and the peasants who come from neighboring villages. It is the festival of San Isidoro, the patron saint of Madrid, a bishop of the seventh century, who is also by some considered the inventor of harmony in music. I had no idea where the festival was to be held, but simply went into the Puerta del Sol and followed the crowd, in the afternoon. Thus I got across the Manzanares, in the meadow along the bank of which, for a mile or so, a most interesting sight presented itself. The road was lined with men and women offering their "agua fresca" from large jugs. The street-cars, busses, and miscellaneous vehicles (some with as many as six mules) emptied their crowded cargoes, and soon the meadow was like an ant-hill, except that ants are always in mourning and do not wear such bright colors as the peasant women and the soldiers in this crowd. There were innumerable booths for eating and drinking, carrousels, and other common features of folk

festivals. More unique were the family groups scattered everywhere, eating their slices of cold meat, salad, red-pepper, and oranges. Many had their wine in the same old pig-skins of which one reads in 'Don Quixote.' Every hundred yards there was some sort of primitive music—often simply a drum—to the rhythm of which the young men and women danced with an expression of intense delight. Indeed, the whole crowd wore a look of indifference to the past and future, and determination to make the most of the passing moment. A greater number of happy faces I never saw together in my life, nor a more good-natured crowd. Further up the hill were long rows of booths with pottery, toys for children, cakes, etc.; and further up still was the Saint's Chapel, into which all crowded, to kiss a silver image held by a priest, to receive a printed picture of the saint, and to drop a copper.

HENRY T. FINCK.

MADAME DE GENLIS ON THE RIVIERA.

ALBENGA, June 6, 1888.

WHO and what were the ancient Ligurians? is a question much more easily asked than answered. Their language left a strong influence on the varied dialects of this coast; and if any one can tell us what that language was, it is probably Mr. James Bruyn Andrews, an American scholar, now resident at Mentone. About all we know of the inhabitants is that they were brave and warlike, with a desire for independence; that they lived chiefly on the produce of their herds, milk, and some drink made of barley. They sold their excellent and beautifully veined timber, as well as their cattle, hides, and honey, at Genoa for oil and wine, since the little wine which they produced tasted of pitch, used probably—as now in Greece and Portugal—to preserve either the wine or the skins in which it was kept. They bred an excellent race of mules, wove tunics, and, according to Strabo, collected amber on the seacoast. Their two great tribes, the Ingauni and the Intemelii, had their common boundary somewhere near Taggia or San Remo. The capital of one was Albium Ingaunum (Albenga), and of the other Albium Intemelium, now Ventimiglia. Strabo considers the word "Albium" as related to Alps; the changing of the *b* to *v* is very common in modern Italian dialects, and explains how the Greek β is now pronounced *v*, as probably it always was, and makes us wonder whether a similar pronunciation were not the rule in Latin.

So much did the Ligurians love their independence, and so much did they hate the conquering Romans, that they were willing to ally themselves with every enemy of Rome. Mago, the brother of Hannibal, made what is now the plain, and was then the port, of Albenga, the station for the Carthaginian fleet during the second Punic war. Mago, by the way, should be remembered pleasantly by us all, because, by having given his name to Port Mahon, he has been immortalized by Richelieu in Mayonnaise sauce. So obstinate were the Ligurians that, according to Pliny, the boundaries of their possessions had to be resettled thirty times; and every victory over them was reason for a triumph at Rome. It was probably this obstinacy, this refusal to remain subdued, which caused the Romans to apply to them epithets as bad as "Punica fides." Even Virgil could not resist the temptation to bring in Aunus,

"Yet, like a true Ligurian born to cheat,
At least while fortune favored his deceit."

And he makes Camilla exclaim,

"On others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me."

From this descends a whole series of proverbs, culminating in that Tuscan one of "Sea without fish; mountains without trees; men without faith, and women without shame"; and in the lines of Dante in his 'Inferno':

"Ah, Genoese! ye men at variance
With every virtue, full of every vice!"

In order to keep down the Ligurians as well as to civilize them, the Romans made several colonies along the coast; and among the early inscriptions found at Albenga, we may notice the names of several well-known noble families from Rome itself. We see traces, too, of their villas in ruined walls of *opus reticulatum* along the old road leading to Alassio; and further on over the hills to the great sacred forest of Neptune (the Lucus Bormanni), which covered the sites of what are now Andora, Cervo, and Diano. Albenga equally with Alba claims to be the birthplace of the virtuous Pertinax, though the genuineness of the inscription which would seem to prove it is doubted by many. But if there be no right to the real Emperor, there is no question with regard to the origin of the usurper Proculus, whose prowess, though not always in the combats of Mars, is undoubted. This family was the richest in Albenga, though wealth had been acquired by piracy; and Proculus was able to arm two thousand of his own slaves, and probably a great number of his sons. The fertile plain did not at that time exist, and the town was on the slope of the nearest western hill; the River Centa often changed its course, leaving broad stretches of swampy land. Gradually this was rendered more solid, until Constantius, the great general of Honorius, and afterwards the husband of Placidia, stopped here long enough, in 414, on his way from restoring order in Gaul, to put walls about the new town which had been built on the plain, and to construct—or at all events repair—the Pontelungo, that picturesque old Roman bridge which now stands on dry land. When the river changed its course again, cutting between the town and the hill, with great destruction of property and probably of life, we do not exactly know, but there is no mention of the Centa running in its present bed until somewhere in the eleventh century.

But neither the old bridge, nor its sanctuary at one end, nor the Baptistery—equally an old Roman work—nor the cathedral with the old lions behind it, and the Mosaic pavement which President De Brosse admired so much, will detain the visitor long. Albenga needs to be seen from a distance; and after looking at the lovely view from the new bridge, both landward and seaward, the tourist goes sufficiently far on the hillside to see in an amphitheatre of hills and mountains, some of which have snowy tops even to midsummer, the walls and towers of the city standing up in the midst of vineyards and well-cultivated vegetable gardens and meadows full of orchids. These towers of old noble houses add greatly to the picturesqueness as well as to the historical interest of Albenga. Certainly no town on the Riviera, and probably not one this side of San Gimignano, possesses so many.

In looking over the list of podestàs and other officials, one is struck with the number of good family names—such as Doria, Spinola, Scotti, Visconti, Fieschi—and one finds among the nobles of the first class of 200 years ago even such familiar names as Americo, Cepolla, and Tomato. In the middle of the fifteenth century there was a bishop named Napoleone Fieschi; and at the same time a podestà, Napoleone Lomellino, a fact which may interest

students of the history of the Bonapartes. What are now wretched villages along the Riviera were in the Middle Ages flourishing and rich towns, so great was their commerce; and the diocese of Albenga, which extended almost from Savona to San Remo, had revenues sufficiently great to render its possession an object of ambition. We need not be astonished, then, to find that Cardinal Giulio de' Medici consented to accept the See, rich as he already was. The Cardinal, afterwards Pope Clement VII., who had four years before been made Archbishop of Florence, found no time to come to his diocese, and resigned it after a few months. There was also one other Bishop of Albenga, Sini-baldo Fieschi, who became Pope as Innocent IV. in 1243.

Otherwise the ecclesiastical history of Albenga has little interest. The curious island opposite, called still, as of old, Gallinaria—according to Varro and Columella, from its having once abounded in barn fowl in a wild state—and which had been sanctified by having served as a refuge for St. Martin of Tours, was the seat of a great Benedictine monastery. Subsequently the Benedictines founded abbeys on the hill above Albenga, the ruins of which are so prominent in the landscape, at the picturesque Cape of Santa Croce and at Alassio. Gradually they abandoned the island, which shows now hardly a trace of the monastery, confined themselves to their more accessible establishments, and led such riotous lives that with great difficulty, after several inquests, the Pope succeeded in suppressing their houses.

Far more interest attaches to the secular history of Albenga during the Middle Ages, when the town was in frequent conflict with the Counts della Laigueglia, who, through the favor of the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V., were the great lords of the country, from the village of Laigueglia beyond Alassio, whence they derive their name, to their stronghold of Garlenda, in the hills, the church of which is still visited by tourists curious to see an excellent picture by Domenichino, and a very bad one attributed to Nicolas Poussin. The neighboring village of Alassio, situated in a bay protected from most winds, with an excellent beach, which was considered by the inhabitants of Albenga as quite their own—having been built for their country residences—began to rival the mother city in trade and wealth as well as enterprise. One Alassian sea captain, Luca Ferrari, was a contemporary of Columbus in his discoveries in the Indies, and was granted great privileges by Ferdinand of Spain. Worst of all, the colony turned against its mother, and one fine morning the impatient Alassians, who desired their independence, nearly captured the town of Albenga by a sudden attack. Among those who fell in the fight was a Napoleone d'Aste. Albenga wisely gave way, and conferred on Alassio an independent civil and criminal jurisdiction. Spurred on by this success as well as by danger from the Turkish and Barbary pirates, the inhabitants of Alassio began to surround their town with walls, the expense of which was borne by the richer inhabitants, many of the women contributing their jewels. The first bastion was consecrated by the Bishop in 1521. Thanks to these, Albenga and Alassio were saved from the calamities which overwhelmed San Remo, Taggia, and other towns during the wars between Charles V. and Francis I., after the French had made an alliance with the Turks. After Laigueglia had been taken and pillaged by the pirates in 1546, a captain from Alassio, named Berno, sailed out, took a Turkish ship, rescued the captives and their goods, and took prisoners eighteen stalwart Mussulmans, who,

one is glad to know, were set to work on the fortifications.

Albenga furnished hospitality at various times to the great Admiral Doria, to Charles V., to Emmanuel Philibert, and much later on was the headquarters for a while of the army of Napoleon, as well as a shelter for Pope Pius VII. But the great local celebrity is, of all persons in the world, Mme. de Genlis; and at the little neighboring village of Lussignano they will show you a house where she lived and wrote. This legend seems to me a pure product of local gratitude for a pretty description of Albenga, and some compliments on its situation, in her novel of 'Adèle et Théodore.' In a note she added that the description was not exaggerated, and was extracted from the diary which she wrote on the spot. More than that, she lays at Albenga the episode of the imprisonment in a cell for so many years of the Duchess of Cerifalco, which she had heard at Rome from the Duchess herself and her father, the Prince Palestrina. In the same story she makes the Duchess of Belmire leave Nice and reside for some years at Albenga, for the purpose of recovering her health. As two of the princely pupils of Mme. de Genlis amused themselves by taking the names Adèle and Théodore, this was apparently sufficient in connection with other things to make passages in the book appear like bits of autobiography.

The journey of Mme. de Genlis along the Riviera was in attendance on the Duchesse de Chartres, who had gone as far as Toulon with the Duke when, in his capacity of an officer of the navy, he was about to take a cruise in the Mediterranean. The ladies planned a journey into Italy without the previous permission of the court; for which excuses were made, when they were already on the road, by saying that the Duchess was suddenly taken with a desire of seeing her decrepit old grandfather, the Duke of Modena. From Antibes the party went by sea to Nice, escorted by a felucca carrying a whole regiment in order to protect them against the pirates. Apropos of Nice, Mme. de Genlis says that "the fashion of sending consumptive persons thither is strange and pernicious. The air is indeed very pure, but too sharp for delicate chests; the most frequent diseases there are affections of the lungs, and then the local doctors hasten to send their patients to the neighborhood of Lyons." Smollett says much the same. From Nice they travelled along what was then the frightful mule path of the Cornice, with an occasional bit of sea, to Genoa. Thence they went to Modena, Mantua, Rome, and Naples, of all of which journey Mme. de Genlis has left a very entertaining account in her memoirs. Before and for some time after the publication of 'Adèle et Théodore,' her duties as governess kept her at court, and after the Revolution the marches and countermarches of armies made any journey or stay in the Riviera impossible. As 'Adèle et Théodore' is not a book which is in everybody's hands, and in any case would not stay there long enough—such is its insipidity—for the proper page to be reached by the reader, I may perhaps be allowed to quote the description which has called out so much local gratitude:

"The road from Porto Maurizio to Albenga is full of frightful passes, but it has admirable points of view—especially that from the top of the hill above Laigueglia, the descent from which is very steep and dangerous. We came down on foot—I might even say barefoot, for the rocks that we had been walking over for three days had so worn our shoes that the soles were nearly gone; and as we had not expected to walk we had not taken the precaution of bringing several pairs. At ten o'clock in the morning we made our chairmen stop on a hill

from which we saw the town of Albenga in the midst of a delicious plain; this is a remarkable singularity on this coast, as all the other towns are on the rocky hillsides. At the foot of the hill is an immense fertile plain, surrounded by rocks and majestic mountains, some of which were covered with snow. The aridity of the rocks, the imposing aspect of the mountains, form a singular contrast to the smiling beauty of the plain; the meadows are covered with violets and lilies, the oleander grows wild; all the fields are surrounded by long arbors of vines through which you see verdure, flowers, and fruits enclosed by these light trellises, where every arch is ornamented by graceful grape wreaths that sway with the slightest breeze. In this delightful abode it seemed as if the earth were cultivated, not for the needs of man, but only for his pleasure. Everything one met was agreeable. We saw there real shepherdesses; all the young girls were bare-headed, with a few flowers stuck in their hair on the left side. They are nearly all pretty, and especially remarkable for the elegance of their figure."

Unquestionably Mme. de Genlis, in spite of her affected prudishness, must have had great personal attractions. Her pupil, Louis Philippe, told Victor Hugo (although all Hugo's statements must be taken with allowance) that when he was still a gawky youth he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was in love for the first time, and with his governess. Madame was at that time interested in some one else, and sent the future King out of the room, telling him not to make a fool of himself. "Tis a pity" (Hugo goes on) "that when she had taught him so many useful and useless things, she would not explain the meaning of the verb Love." She was certainly right if the celebrated Pamela were her daughter and the sister of Louis Philippe. Mme. de Genlis tells a long story to show that her adopted daughter Pamela was really a little English girl of low parentage, introduced into the Palais Royal merely for the sake of giving the Orleans children a chance of practising their English. But Moore, in his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' written from family papers, says positively that Pamela was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans (Égalité) and of Mme. de Genlis, and her descendants all seem to admit it and to be proud of it.

After Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death in the Irish insurrection of 1798, Pamela married Mr. Pitcairn, a Scotchman by birth, who generally resided in New York, and was for some time American Consul at Hamburg. Whether Pamela ever came to America it is hard to say at this distance, but there is a bit of family history which interests many other people than the author of 'A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago.' Pitcairn once, at a theatre in New York, in jesting with a young lady, having asked what he should bring her on his next visit, she answered, "A Scotch husband." The man was brought and was married, and years later, when they were quietly living at Canandaigua, Louis Philippe and his two brothers arrived on horseback from Niagara with letters of introduction, and asked for hospitality. It was on a Sunday. The princes were in rags, and the larder of the family was so empty that it was necessary to send to the nearest neighbor's in order to borrow sufficient, not only to eat, but to wear.

E. S.

Correspondence.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just seen a paper in the *Nation* of April 26 on the "People's Palace." Will you allow me to point out a grave mistake made by the author? He says that the audience

at the Sunday organ recitals, held at the Palace, is not an audience of genuine workmen. Permit me to say that the whole of the audience on Sunday morning, almost without exception, consists of genuine workmen. Your writer, "N. N.," judged by the dress, which he thought to be that of clerks and shopkeepers. The better class of workmen, as a fact, dress in London as well as the clerks and shopkeepers. The men in corduroys, whom "N. N." found outside, are not the sort of men for whom the Palace is designed. They are the lower class, the men who hang about bars and drink all their wages. The respectable workman puts on his corduroys and ties a handkerchief round his neck on week days. On Sundays he goes in broadcloth and white collar.—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

WALTER BESANT.

HAMPTON, LONDON, June 16, 1888.

MAINE POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of this week are some statements regarding the Republican nominee, Hon. E. C. Burleigh, and Maine politics which should not pass unprotested. The writer of this has no sympathy with the Machine or machine politics. Mr. Burleigh was not the choice of the Ring, and was not brought forward by it. Of the sixteen members of the State Committee—one for each county—Mr. Burleigh had the support of only two. Gov. Marble is an accidental Governor, and but for this would never have been brought forward as a candidate. He is, moreover, seventy years old, and has always been an active politician and chronic office-holder. To suppose any ring could pack a convention of 1,448 delegates from more than five hundred cities, towns, and plantations, with three active candidates in the field, is absurd. The delegates from Mr. Burleigh's own city were elected without an opposing vote. Of the 1,638 votes cast in the Convention, Gov. Marble received 190, Mr. Cleaves 473, Mr. Burleigh 775. Mr. Burleigh's plurality over Mr. Cleaves 302, over Gov. Marble 585. In his own county, whose delegation numbered 131, Gov. Marble received 6 (one of them being a proxy delegate, who, after being overwhelmingly defeated in his own city, went as proxy for a plantation which cast only 3 Republican votes at the last gubernatorial election), Mr. Cleaves 18, and Mr. Burleigh 107.

I think I have given you figures enough to show that he is the people's candidate. The question of his eligibility was fully discussed before the Convention as well as at it, where Judge Symonds made a lengthy plea against it. As to the articles in the *Waterville Mail* and *Portland Press*, if you had known the writers, I am sure you would have attached little weight to them. For many years I have been a reader of your paper, which I deem the fairest of any I have ever read, and I think I know your idea of political machines; and I can and do most emphatically say Mr. Burleigh is not the candidate of the Machine.—Yours, H.

AUGUSTA, ME., June 23, 1888.

A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now that the issue of the taxation of raw materials and necessities of life seems to be fairly well defined between the two great political parties, would it not be well to make the exact figures and percentages of the tax upon a few of such articles a matter of common knowledge with the people?

A brief tabulation of the tax on wool, blan-

kets, clothing, sugar, salt, lumber, iron, lead, copper, etc., together with a statement of the amount of the surplus, kept in type and prominently displayed in the newspapers, and in posters at the corners and cross-roads throughout the country, would be a quiet and effective argument that would pay in the long run, even should it become necessary to curtail the expense of club uniforms, pyrotechnics, and brass bands.—Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE B. UPHAM.

BOSTON, June 23, 1888.

Notes.

THE new volume of the "Chandos Classics" of Frederick Warne & Co. will be 'Selected Essays from the *Tattler*,' with an introductory essay and notes by Alex. Charles Ewald.

A 'Manual of Astronomy,' by Prof. C. A. Young of Princeton, is announced by Ginn & Co.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have in press 'Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive,' by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan; and 'Methods and Aids in Teaching Geography,' by Chas. F. King.

An addition to the literature of Chautauqua comes to us in the account of the Nebraska Summer Assembly at Crete, by Anna E. Hahn (Boston: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society). It is cast partly in the form of a story, the experiences of a family during their attendance; but it contains specimens of the lectures given, and notes of the various ordinary proceedings. The moral effects of the work, as a kind of sociable camp-meeting, are most brought out. One of the minor advantages in this case was that the daughter accidentally met with a long-lost lover, whom she had left in the East; but generally the story is a mere blind for good words for Chautauqua circles, Crete College, the *Youth's Companion*, and various eminent or obscure orators, among whom we notice Mr. Thurston of the Chicago Convention. From the extracts here given from his address on Grant, one sees that his "eloquence" is something of which he has a stock always on hand.

Another series of 'Books that have Helped Me' papers, from the *Forum*, has been brought out by D. Appleton & Co. The confessions are nearly all from prominent persons, and serve the usual purpose of letting the world know how the writers began life, with more or less of circumstance and local color.

We praised last year 'The Musical Year-Book of the United States' (Boston, 152 Tremont Street: G. H. Wilson), and the new issue for the musical season of 1887-88 is now before us. The excessive attention formerly given to Boston as compared with New York has been measurably overcome. But Mr. Wilson prefers not to compete with Mr. Krehbiel's 'Review of the New York Musical Season,' to which he refers his readers for further particulars. First performances are indicated in this record of programmes, and especially valuable is the index of titles, under the composers' names. Beethoven and Wagner vie with each other, each filling rather more than a page of the index.

The second part of vol. i of Mr. Henry F. Waters's 'Genealogical Gleanings in England' has been published in Boston by the New England Historic Genealogical Society. To the later 'Gleanings' are prefixed the introductory notes which accompanied them in the *Register*, where they originally appeared, and were commented on by us from time to time.

The John Harvard researches are of prime interest in this as in the previous issue, and the view of his mother's home and facsimile of his autograph adorn the volume. But the index of persons shows the extraordinarily wide scope of Mr. Waters's explorations, and should attract to his support a great many adherents. Every one, in short, inclined to speculate and inquire about his English connections must hereafter turn first of all to these 'Gleanings.' An index of places is added, and has a peculiar value on the English side as preserving the names of localities now either lost or forgotten.

In line with the foregoing is the *Index Library* edited by W. P. W. Phillimore, Queen's College, Oxford, of which the sixth part has come to hand (London: Charles J. Clark). This number unlocks Chancery proceedings in the time of Charles I., and Northamptonshire and Rutland wills of the period 1510-1652. Reference has thus far been made to more than 10,000 wills, and upwards of 3,600 names occur in the portion of the Signet indexes already printed, while more than 16,000 references have been already made to the Royalist Composition Papers. An entirely new index to Sussex wills is in active preparation, and will probably include a series of marriage licenses. In short, this enterprise has strong claims for support in this country as well as in England.

"Elocution and Oratory" is the subject of the second number of the *Bibliographer and Reference List* (Buffalo, N. Y.: Moulton, Wernborne & Co.).

In No. 45 of the Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute (Annapolis), occurs the second and concluding portion of Notes from the Journal of Lieut. T. A. M. Craven, U. S. S. *Dale*, Pacific Squadron, 1846-49. These throw some light on the history of that period of conquest and annexation, and on the state of the navy, and are readable also for their pictures of places now transformed by the Anglo-Saxon settlement of California.

The photogravure after Mr. Thornycroft's "Mower" is the leading pictorial feature of the June *Portfolio* (Macmillan). Mr. Walter Armstrong furnishes the accompanying text, which is devoid of fulsome praise, so far as this statuary is concerned, and, for the rest, gives a glance at the progress of the art of sculpture in England since Banks and Flaxman.

There has probably never been a period in the history of printing when more experiments in book-making were ventured upon than the present; and there is no country where these experiments are more abundant and, in the main, more successful than France. One of the latest is 'Le Rosier de Madame Husson,' by M. Guy de Maupassant (Paris: Quantin; New York: F. W. Christern). M. de Maupassant is a masterly writer of short stories; but this is not one of his best—though a tale of Normandy, wherein he is generally seen to most advantage. Yet the 'Rosier de Madame Husson' serves its purpose well enough as a peg for the illustrations of M. Habert-Dys, who has provided one for every page, about thirty in all—sometimes a "landscape with figures," sometimes a decoration more Japanese, always apt and ingenious and interesting. As in Mr. Vedder's 'Omar Khayyâm,' the design fills the whole page except a space left blank for the text. The letter-press is soberly printed in black, while the border changes color with every page. A frontispiece, etched by M. Abot from a design by M. Jules Desprès, seems a little out of keeping with the richer and more varied drawings of M. Habert-Dys.

Two more volumes of the "Œuvres inédites" of Victor Hugo were published June 1 by Het-

zel-Quantin under the title 'Toute la Lyre.' It is a collection of about 1,000 pages of unpublished poems left by Victor Hugo among his manuscripts, for publication by his literary executors. The poems are of all the periods of his poetic life, and are written in his customary manner; but, as might be expected, when it is considered that they were rejected by the author from his previous collections during his lifetime, they are generally not of a quality to add to his reputation.

Among the late publications of Hachette & Cie. is a volume with the attractive title, 'Points obscurs et nouveaux de la vie de Pierre Corneille: Étude historique et critique, avec pièces justificatives' (Boston: Schoenhof). The author, M. François Bouquet, published in 1880 'La Troupe de Molière et les deux Corneille à Rouen en 1658.'

Félix Alcan has just published 'Lavoisier (1743-1794) d'après sa correspondance, ses manuscrits, ses papiers de famille et d'autres documents inédits,' by Édouard Grimaux.

A book which may prove to be very interesting was announced by Charpentier for publication June 4. It is 'Le Journal de Stendhal: mémoires inédits,' published and annotated by MM. de Nion and Stryenski.

The third volume of the 'Mémoires du général Cluseret' has been issued by Jules Lévy. It has for its especial title 'La Fin de l'Empire' (Boston: Schoenhof).

In consequence of a law passed at the last session of the Sobranie appropriating 60,000 francs for literary and scientific works, the Bulgarian Government has drawn up regulations for the study of literature and history. It is proposed to give a reward to all persons who bring to light ancient manuscripts or literary documents of value, as well as those who send copies of popular songs, proverbs, riddles, etc., hitherto unpublished, or descriptions of usages and customs. These will be published in a collection edited by the Minister of Public Instruction. Assistance will also be granted to the publication of literary and scientific works in Bulgarian, and of works written in foreign languages if intimately relating to the history and literature of the country. Another regulation provides that all antique objects discovered in Bulgaria belong to the State. It is forbidden to make excavations and searches for antiquities without official permission, on pain of confiscation of all objects found. There is the same penalty for attempting to export antiquities without permission. If, however, antiquities are discovered accidentally, or after due permission obtained, their value is estimated; one-third is given to the finder, and one-third to the owner of the land on which they are found.

The 'Etymologicum Magnum Romanie,' or Dictionary of the historical and popular language of the Rumanians, published by the Rumanian Academy, and edited by Mr. B. Petriceicu-Hasdeu, has reached the first number of the second volume, ending with the word *Apuc*, and, unlike many dictionaries, seems to increase in value as it goes on. Some of the names of towns—as, for example, Antina—are illustrated with maps, views, and cuts of the archaeological objects found there. The Academy has recently published its Proceedings for the year 1886-87, second series, vol. ix, which contains much interesting matter; an edition of the verse-translation of the Psalter—both in Slavic and Latin type—made by Dosotheus, Metropolitan of Moldavia, according to the original manuscripts, and the edition of 1673, which is invaluable for the study of early Rumanian forms; and the works of Miron Costin, a Rumanian historian and statesman who lived

from 1633 to 1691. This last book is richly illustrated with the facsimiles of manuscripts and autographs, and is edited by V. A. Urechia, Professor and formerly Minister of Public Instruction.

Every one who has read in the English or German translation the tales and fairy-stories of Ion Slavici, one of the most eminent Rumanian writers, will regret to learn that by a decision of the Court of Hermanstadt (Nagy Szeben, as it is called in Magyar) he has been condemned to imprisonment for a year on account of a press offence committed in his newspaper, *La Tribuna*. He has been found guilty of a too violent attack on the Hungarian Government. Slavici was a native of the Rumanian portion of Transylvania, where he passed his early years. After settling in Independent Rumania, he devoted himself entirely to literature. His return to Transylvania a few years ago to edit a political journal was lamented by all his friends, literary and other, except those who desired him to be the corypheus of the Rumanian Irredentist movement in Hungary.

The Deerfield, Mass., Summer School of History and Romance will reopen on July 5, and close on July 31, sitting Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. There will also be classes in Folk-lore and in American Literature, open to members only. The manager is Mr. L. J. B. Lincoln.

—The July *Atlantic* continues the admirable series of classical papers by a second article upon Cicero as he is most delightfully known to us in his Letters. The period covered is that subsequent to his exile, and the passages translated are rendered with an exquisite literary touch, though they make no pretension to exact scholarship. The personality of Cicero on his companionable side—and he is one of the most companionable of the ancients, as Montaigne's appreciation proves—vitalizes and irradiates this somewhat slight study of him, but it has not that charm of completeness in the impression which distinguished the previous paper upon Pliny. Another interesting article of an unusual kind is Mr. Downes's first installment of a series upon the artists of Boston. He deals with the early colonial portrait painters, and with Copley, Trumbull, and Stuart, in a style at once appreciative and restrained. The most important paper, however, is a sketch of the conditions of factory life in the Blackstone Valley of Rhode Island by Lillie B. Chace Wyman. She examines the system that has grown up under the hereditary cotton-mills in that district with regard principally to the feature of tenement-ownership, and to the arbitrary and practically autocratic control of the superintendents over their employees. It is an older but less developed type of the town of Pullman that appears in her pages, and its workings are not found to be entirely beneficent. The sanitary condition is said to be bad, and the tendency to develop a floating in place of a settled population to be marked. The control of the liquor traffic, on the other hand, is reckoned a gain. On the whole, however, no compensation is found in this form of "the industrial group" for the lack of the sentiment of home that springs from proprietorship, and the absence of the invigorating conditions of independence which belong to the American ideal of a small community. Furthermore, the opportunity of the superintendents to act capriciously, harshly, and inconsiderately is represented as very great. The only check seems to be the necessity of business gains; but this is a slender reed for justice to rest upon. Mrs. Wyman closes her article with an opinion of Senator Chace's: "Peculiarly the factory is a

success, but in my judgment the sanitary and moral influences are bad." The number contains no poetry.

—Green's 'Short History of the English People' seems to belie its name when expanded into two octavo volumes and styled 'Histoire du Peuple Anglais' (Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit & Cie.). The translation has been made by M. Auguste Monod upon the text of 1882, but with the benefit (at least for corrections of errors) of the revision lately published by the historian's widow in a single compact volume. It is a not slavish translation, and occasionally retrenchment has been employed in the case of repetitions or contradictions. The maps have not been reproduced, on the ground of their insufficiency—a just censure, but it would have been natural to provide better, especially in view of a foreign audience. The table of contents has been bettered, the index has been reduced to one of proper names; yet here again there was a good opportunity to improve on the original. A welcome addition is an introduction, of about twenty pages, from the pen of M. Gabriel Monod. Its sketch of the author's career is infused with the warmth of personal acquaintance and admiration. M. Monod pays a high tribute to Green's impartiality, but offers some criticism, whose weight will be generally acknowledged, on behalf of Continental countries as against the overpraise of England's world-wide influence; and he concludes with a careful parallel between the course of monarchy and political freedom in England and in France, with its instructive antitheses. M. Monod hopes that the emancipation of his own country from centralization will yet be witnessed, and that the traditional feud between France and England will die out, while he regrets the evidences of repugnance on the latter's part to a closer understanding. The translation of Green must be of service in promoting the desired international harmony, and is indeed a patriotic performance. The publishers have made a handsome work of it.

—The Historical Manuscripts Commission is doing admirable work in bringing to light many precious documents relating not merely to English, but likewise to American history. Besides the reports on the papers of the Marquis of Landsdowne relating to colonial affairs during the years 1766-1783 (Fifth Report, 1876), those of the Duke of Manchester relating to the colonization of Virginia (Eighth Report, 1881), and those of the Marquess Townshend concerning the history of Carolina, Georgia, Massachusetts, and other parts of America, in the first half of the eighteenth century (Eleventh Report, App. iv., 1887), we now have a report on the manuscripts of the Earl of Dartmouth, which are very valuable for the study of American colonial history during the eventful years 1765-1779 (Eleventh Report, App. v., 1888, pp. 331-423). The second Earl of Dartmouth was Secretary for the Colonial Department from August, 1772, until November, 1775. His chief correspondents, abstracts of whose letters are given in this report, were, at first, Gov. Hutchinson of Boston, and Joseph Reed, the latter writing from Philadelphia. When the war for independence began, Gens. Gage and Howe, Admiral Graves, Govs. Carleton and Wentworth, Franklin, John Wesley, Lord North, and others are among the writers. We can here give only a few of the many instructive comments on the state of public affairs which these letters contain. Gov. Tryon, writing to the Earl of Dartmouth from New York, May 5, 1773, says: "His Majesty's instruction and his Majesty's interests are not at all times one and

the same thing, and he who in America follows implicitly the letter of the instructions will not best serve the King" (p. 336). Joseph Reed to the Earl of Dartmouth, September 25, 1774: "No King ever had more loyal subjects, or any country more affectionate Colonists, than the Americans were. I, who am but a young man, well remember the former to be always spoken of with a respect approaching admiration, . . . [but] unless some plan of accommodation can be speedily formed, the affection of the Colonies will be irrecoverably lost. . . . What seemed a little time since a spark which, with prudence and wisdom, might have been extinguished, is now a flame that threatens ruin to both parent and child" (p. 362). The same correspondent writes, February 14, 1775: "Notwithstanding all which has passed, much remains of that old affection to the parent State which distinguished our happier days, [so] that a contest with her is regarded as the greatest possible evil, next to the loss of what we esteem our rights. . . . There is scarcely a man in this country, my Lord, in or out of office, not of immediate appointment from England, who does not oppose taxation by the British Parliament" (p. 373).

—One of the most interesting letters of the whole collection is that sent by John Wesley "In the way to Dublin," June 14, 1775, to the Earl of Dartmouth, protesting against the American war:

"All my prejudices," he says, "are against the Americans, for I am a High Churchman, the son of a High Churchman, bred up from my childhood in the highest notions of passive obedience and non resistance; and yet, in spite of all my rooted prejudice, I cannot avoid thinking (if I think at all) that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner which the nature of the thing would allow. But waiving this, waiving all considerations of right and wrong, I ask, is it common sense to use force towards the Americans? . . . They are divided among themselves? So you are informed by various letters and memorials. So I doubt not was poor Rehobam informed concerning the ten tribes. So (nearer our times) was Philip informed concerning the people of the Netherlands! No, my lord, they are terribly united; not in the Province of New England only, but down as low as the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, the bulk of the people are so united that to speak a word in favor of the present English measures would almost endanger a man's life."

He then discusses the dangers of an attack from abroad on Ireland while English resources are engaged in America:

"But we have our militia, our valiant, disciplined militia; these will effectually oppose them. Give me leave, my lord, to relate a little circumstance of which one then on the spot informed me. In 1716 a large body of militia were marching towards Preston against the rebels. In a wood which they were marching by a boy happened to discharge his fowling-piece. The soldiers gave [up] all for lost, and by common consent threw down their arms and ran for life. So much dependence is to be placed on our valorous militia!"

Mr. Wesley then draws a parallel between the time at which he is writing and the years 1640-1650—the dearness of provisions, the depression of trade, and the hatred of the poor for the rich all being similar. He concludes thus:

"Upon the whole I am really sometimes afraid that this 'evil is of the Lord.' When I consider (to say nothing of ten thousand other vices shocking to human nature) the astonishing luxury of the rich and the *profaneness* of rich and poor, I doubt whether general dissoluteness of manners does not demand a general visitation. Perhaps the decree has already gone forth from the Governor of the world. . . . But we Englishmen are too wise to acknowledge that God has anything to do in the world! Otherwise should we not seek him by fasting and prayer before He lets the lifted thunder drop! O, my lord, if your lordship

can do anything, let it not be wanting! For God's sake, for the sake of the King, of the nation, of your lovely family, remember Rehobam! Remember Philip the Second! Remember King Charles the First! I am, with true regard, my lord, your lordship's obedient servant, John Wesley" (p. 379).

—The Hungarian Academy of Sciences held its annual public meeting at Budapest on May 6, at which it elected as active member Mr. Benjamin Kállay, the Austro-Hungarian Finance Minister, and the author of a history of Serbia; as honorary members, Mr. Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, and Count Julius Andrássy, and the Archduke Joseph—the two first simply for honors, the Archduke not only for his gypsy grammar, but for his botanical works; as foreign members, Mr. E. T. Atkinson, President of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and MM. Ilminsky and Radloff, distinguished Russian Oriental scholars. During the last year the Academy has published thirty volumes and fifty-six memoirs, and has given subventions to twelve scientific reviews and four scientific publications. Its revenues in 1887 amounted to \$97,618, and its expenses to \$61,557. Its whole property amounts to nearly a million. Since its foundation in 1831, the Academy has spent more than \$2,000,000, four-fifths of which have been voluntary gifts of private persons, only \$224,000 having been contributed by the State; while during the absolutist period private gifts were forbidden by the Austrian Government. The Academy offers, during the next three years, thirty-one different prizes, chiefly relating to Hungarian history and literature, but two of which may be of interest to Hungarians established in America—a prize of 100 ducats on alcoholism, its consequences and its remedies, and one of 500 florins on the question of legal tender and the premium on gold and silver in America.

—The May Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society opens with an interesting account of Sianetia, a district of the Central Caucasus, by Mr. D. W. Freshfield. The inhabitants, numbering about 12,000, have preserved their separate national identity since the time of the Emperor Augustus, and "may fairly be described as reverted pagans." They were converted to Christianity before the tenth century, and the country is still covered with small stone churches and chapels, "dating probably from the eleventh and twelfth centuries." But these have been closed, being used principally as treasure-houses, and containing chests in which are "the sacred books and images, some of them beautiful works of art, Persian silks, strange three-sided pieces of wood carved with old Georgian inscriptions, flint-headed spears and arrows," among other things. The priests have disappeared, and their place is taken "by an hereditary class of local elders, who superintended the funeral feasts and sacrifices." This latter ceremony is thus described by Prof. Kovalevsky: "One of the nearest relations of the deceased follows the body to the grave, leading by the horns a fat ox. Immediately after the burial the ox is killed, and the heart and liver are placed on a wooden platter. This is taken by one of the local elders (who are not consecrated or in any way recognized as priests by the Georgian Church), who lifts up the plate, using at the same time the following words: 'O God, accept this our sacrifice.'" They are said to worship the heavenly bodies, and some of Mr. Freshfield's porters appeared to pray to and praise the sun directly. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper before the Society, Prof. Bryce, M.P., said that it was a "remarkable and almost unique fact" that "a

people who had reached the level of Christian monotheism should fall back into heathenism." It ought to be said that Mr. Freshfield does not make it quite clear in all cases whether he is describing a condition which has passed away or one still existing. He refers to some reforms introduced by the Russians in recent years, especially in restraining the robber proclivities of the wild mountaineers. To such an extent was freebooting once carried that apparently every hamlet has its stone tower-of-refuge from forty to eighty feet high, which forms a "strangely fantastic" feature in the landscape. The remainder of the paper is taken up with a description of the mountains and glaciers of this region, which the writer strongly recommends to vacation tourists and scientific students.

—Polybius has recently attracted much attention in scholarly England, usually averse to work in post-classic Greek. Mr. Capes, who is well known for his historical monographs, has published selections from Polybius under the title 'The History of the Achaean League,' in which he has tried to do justice with unequal success to the side of language and to the historical side; Mr. Shuckburgh has in hand a complete translation of the remains of the great "pragmatical" historian; and we have before us, arrayed in all the beauty of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, Mr. James Leigh Strachan-Davidson's 'Selections from Polybius.' These selections, we are told, comprise about a third of the remains of the author, and the gaps have been filled up by brief narratives in English. The prolegomena discuss a variety of Polybian matters without going very deep into any one, the most interesting being the short essay on the scene of the battle of Cannæ, which, like the appendix on the site of Carthage in Spain, has the unflinching charm of autopsy. The comparatively few notes are very thin, and consist largely of translations of easy passages. The beginner in Polybius, we must say in all candor, will learn much more from the unpretentious work of Mr. Capes than from the sumptuous and ambitious book of Mr. Strachan-Davidson.

RECENT FICTION.

Bonaventure. A Prose Pastoral of Acadian Louisiana. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of Keedon Bluffs. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Phyllis of the Sierras, and A Drift from Redwood Camp. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Argonauts of North Liberty. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Black Ice. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The World's Verdict. By Mark Hopkins, jr. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

An American Penman. From the Diary of Inspector Byrnes. By Julian Hawthorne. Cassell & Co.

Mona's Choice. By Mrs. Alexander. Henry Holt & Co.

A Life Interest. By Mrs. Alexander. Henry Holt & Co.

Wessex Tales. By Thomas Hardy. Harper & Bros.

A Castle in the Air. By Gen. Hugh Ewing. Henry Holt & Co.

A Man's Will. By Edgar Fawcett. Funk & Wagnalls.

John Ward, Preacher. By Margaret Deland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE noble simplicity of a life like Bonaventure's would be welcome from any hand. From Mr. Cable's it is doubly so; for, with the example of a worthy life full of sincerity, of elevation, and of sacrifice, made only the more lovely because of the unconsciousness with which it is given, one at the same time enjoys the pleasure of surrendering one's imagination to Mr. Cable's, and following the threads of his simple story, benefiting by his exquisite workmanship, his minute observation, and his artistic feeling, without a thought behind. It is a pleasure which is afforded one only too seldom in the fiction of the day. The number of writers now making novels whose work it is safe or at all possible to read with one's critical judgment left to one side, may be numbered on one hand. Even Mr. Cable has faults: refined and subtle as his humor is, to some he may seem a little over-fond of it. Though he imagines comprehensively, and observes with closeness and fidelity, it may justly be complained, nevertheless, that his imagination now and then strains a point, while at other times his faculty of observation has everything its own way. Yet, for all that, one cannot seriously find fault with the story of Bonaventure, or, rather, the cluster of stories growing out of his, and beautifully showing the breadth and power of influence which a simple, sincere, and high-minded man may wield. They are so unpretentious, so devoid of the claptrap and sensationalism which the public demands—and generally gets, one must sorrowfully admit—that a sympathetic reader is not only pleased by reading them, but also elevated and made better. This not alone because the stories are unaffected in their simplicity, and free from the taint of melodrama, of course, but because at the same time they are pervaded with a spirit of faith, a faith in the nobility of truth, however homely, in the beauty of unselfishness, however simple.

Mr. Cable's power of seizing on the points of a character, otherwise commonplace, and conveying along with the sense of its highest attributes the homely aspects of its environment, the every-day life of an untutored, unambitious people, and never once lapsing into sentimentality or bathos, is an invaluable one, especially when it is joined with the deep respect for his art which Mr. Cable shows in every turn. It is due to two things: the belief which the writer has in the things he places highest, and in his sense of humor. The one enables him to write sincerely, the other prevents him from writing foolishly. For the rest, his charm, his interest, his freshness—they come from his materials and his workmanship, rather than from his native power and talent. But, with these qualities all combined, he gives us stories for which we can freely feel thankful.

Miss Murfree's work cannot be complained of for lack of earnestness, either. The impression one forms after reading 'The Story of Keedon Bluffs' tends rather in the other direction—perhaps it is too serious. At least, its seriousness is unrelieved by any such delicate humor as so often saves Mr. Cable from coming to grief. There is a strong tendency noticeable in all Miss Murfree's writings to exalt the commonplace—a tendency which, when coupled with an equally strong one for forcing dramatic situations, is sufficient to destroy the effect of whole chapters of simplicity and uncouth dialect. One who meets the kind of people Miss Murfree writes of on an equal footing, and sees much of them, is finally forced into the belief that nobility of nature is not apportioned to the uneducated and supersti-

tious in any greater ratio than to the rest of mankind, and that the coat and dialect of the rural laborer are not of themselves unflinching guarantees of honesty and manhood, any more than the dress and actions of a gentleman are signs of his rascality. Perhaps the qualities of character and truth, as well as of light and color, are only relative, after all, and one must make allowances for the degree of knowledge with which another acts, and for the force of their surroundings and traditions. One may reasonably expect more of Colonel Esmond than of Tom Jones, and one does. It is therefore a waste of effort, as well as a false straining of art, to attempt the illustration of the highest truths with characters for whom one must make allowances, and at the same time adhere to the "natural" method.

There is one American story-writer who is bothered with no limitation of art or questions of ethics, but whose sole province is to tell his tale and have done with it. Mr. Bret Harte probably writes "out of his head" as much as any novelist except the purely imaginative or the entirely sensational ones. His landscapes, naturally and completely as they are drawn, with all their briefness, are taken from only the most indistinct kind of memories, or from nothing at all, and his people come from anywhere and everywhere. It is true that they usually bring up on the Pacific Slope, and that they invariably have something interesting and amusing happening to them. There are enough surprises and complications, for instance, turned off in the short tale 'A Phyllis of the Sierras' to furnish many a writer with material for volumes. But we have seen nothing of late which can at all compare with 'The Argonauts of North Liberty' for brief directness, for sustained and exciting interest, or for subtle, strong suggestiveness. The story "tells itself," and in an hour's reading one compasses the entire existence of three persons by simply knowing how they acted at three important periods of their lives. There is no need for minutiae or details; the drama is played, the curtain is rung down promptly, and one's curiosity is satisfied. The last sentence of the book completes the first chapter of the story, and the circle is finished. The tale is too neatly told, the coincidences and contrasts are too effectively wrought, and the action too rapid and culminating to bear marring by abridgment. But if one cares for a story that is just simply a story, for characters that have nothing to recommend them but their human failings and passions, and can put up with a very small portion of wickedness which is never carried quite beyond the verge of respectability, one will surely read the history of Deacon Salisbury's daughter of North Liberty and her two husbands.

Judge Tourgée has finally written a novel which has nothing to do with politics or the "question of the day." As the printed slip which the publishers so considerately provide says: "The book appears in a neat and attractive form, and will doubtless meet that welcome that Judge Tourgée's fictions are sure to find." But, after all, the book is quite unremarkable. There is one of Thomas Hardy's characters—a writer of reviews—who remarks that most novels are neither good enough nor bad enough for the purposes of reviewing. He would undoubtedly put 'Black Ice' in this category. For while the book contains a story with a certain interest, it is told in such an off-hand way, so many of the characters play their part of padding out the tale in such a perfunctory way, the surprises are so lacking in the element of surprise, and so many things require long personal narrations to explain them,

that the effect is quite unsatisfactory. Mr. Tourgée writes vigorously, and, if one may say it, with abandon. He is not afraid to tackle a page or two of fine writing nor a harrowing situation now and then. But he fails to select and arrange his materials to a good enough advantage to secure an effective and uniform result.

But for a novel that is quite without a redeeming feature one is recommended to 'The World's Verdict.' It is unnatural, confused, and amateurish to the last degree. The scene is laid in Paris, and shifts to Nice; the characters are "Americans and otherwise," and the story, if placed at all, is to be classed as "international"—though that seems a very heavy epithet to apply to a piece of work so unimpressive and lacking in promise.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is treading close on the heels of other writers of detective stories, both in the popularity and in the volume of his productions. The books that have come from his pen and the diary of Inspector Byrnes are not distinguished as much from the common bank-robbery and mysterious-murder cases as the reputations of the two men would lead one to expect. 'The American Penman,' indeed, is almost a complete disappointment. Perhaps even in detective stories ingenuity alone is better than half facts and half fancies.

'Mona's Choice' and 'A Life Interest' show the facility with which Mrs. Alexander can write a three-volume novel about nothing in particular and a good many things in general. They are chiefly remarkable for this, and for the astonishingly hazardous way in which the writer will plunge her stereotyped heroines into unheard-of difficulties and complications, and the providential avenues which always open for their escape. It is impossible for one who writes so much to avoid repetitions, both of characters and situations as well as of tricks of style and diction. Mrs. Alexander is far from doing so; but she succeeds on the whole in giving enough color and individuality to her works to enable one to recall the main points of a story from its title without too much of an effort.

When a man deliberately says that he prefers the insipid little crab-apple to the fine-flavored and fully developed pippin, it is tolerably safe to conclude either that he is devoid of taste or that he enjoys opposing the general opinions of mankind from what is called "pure cussedness." And a somewhat similar conclusion must be reached in regard to the reader who deliberately prefers the short story, which must necessarily depend for its interest almost entirely on incident, to the full-fledged novel, in which the author has space and opportunity to elaborate those psychological studies which have made certain novels great and memorable books. Nor can the writer who has in times past shown abundant capacity for dealing with all the subtleties of the novel of character, be regarded as blameless when he voluntarily abandons that higher plane, and seeks the easier successes that attend the novel of incident.

On a certain well-known occasion the "Thunderer" fell foul of Thackeray because he had written the 'Kickleburys on the Rhine.' The criticism was badly worded and in bad taste, and the irritated author was consequently enabled to make a telling reply; but, nevertheless, the critic was, in the main, right. What he intended to say was, that the man who had written 'Vanity Fair' ought not to have wasted his time and his brains on the 'Kickleburys.' To no human beings does "noblesse oblige" apply with so much force as to the author and the artist. Having once struck a

high level, they owe it to themselves and to their reputation to avoid anything that may tempt them to

"Seek baser plaudits and a meaner prize."

And, inasmuch as Mr. Hardy has reached the front rank of living novelists by reason of his command of language and his ability to delineate the fine shades of character, it becomes a solemn duty to protest against his wasting his time on 'Wessex Tales.' This protest having been entered, all that remains to be said is, that the tales are well told, that they are full of delightful pictures of rustic life in the west of England during the early part of the century, and that they will aid the reader who is satisfied with incidents, "strange, lively and commonplace," to pass a pleasant evening.

'A Castle in the Air,' though the history of a lawsuit, might be called a military novel because of a certain soldierly directness in narration, and of the bristling march of incidents which, wholly without comment, make up the story. It reads as if one in boots and saddle, weary of life as portrayed in the modern novel, its complexities, subtleties, and analyses, its love and its tea-tables, had dashed off his facts and written his finis and pursued his ride, like a well-conducted person. The result is, a collection of more or less interesting legal incidents of which, unfortunately, the more entertaining come first, a quite irrelevant collection of details relating to a ghost and a bundle of papers, the recital of a vast amount of plotting and cheating—a story unsatisfactory as a whole, but not without interest in parts, a style defaced by inaccuracies and provincialisms, but direct and crisp to the point of crackling. There is an approach to individuality in the persons and language of Sam and Mirandy, a blustering coward and a masterful young woman. Otherwise, the characters are mainly lay-figures draped in circumstantial evidence. The introduction of ghosts and sulphur into a novel written in the dust of law offices and tied up with red tape, has a curiously incongruous effect, and suggests a wonder whether the story may not have been the inspiration of a nightmare produced by reading the reports of a recent *cause célèbre*.

Inasmuch as Mr. Fawcett has lent his brain and pen to the cause of temperance, he is to be applauded; and inasmuch as he has made a repetitious and dreary novel, he is to be forgiven. Some day, perhaps, the novel will be written which shall do for temperance what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for anti-slavery, what 'Nicholas Nickleby' did for the cause of kindness. Perhaps, till Fiction has set her mighty engine in motion, Philanthropy will lack her best ally. All honor to Mr. Fawcett for the attempt, failure though it is. His story, to begin with, is tiresome where it should be terrible, and mincing where it should be passionate. His characters are wooden, his atmosphere too laboriously that of the Élite Directory, his style cursed with adverbs, pompous and viscid. To call it an empty book would be to deny its authorship, as well as to question its ability or its strength in parts. That it will help the cause it pleads is unfortunately improbable; that it will be widely read for its interest as a work of fiction is, we should suppose, impossible.

In 'John Ward, Preacher,' the author has given a picture of that *rara avis*, a logical Calvinist. Any real Calvinist is at this hour rare; one who accepts the full consequences of his faith always has been. John Ward believed in the damnation of the heathen, and more, in the damnation of all who disbelieved in damnation—of all who, to quote one of his elders, were not "grounded on hell." This is also

professedly the belief of thousands to-day, yet who eat, drink, and are merry. John Ward believed, suffered, crucified himself, and fell a martyr to his faith at his own hands, in a fashion logical, but hardly natural. One must admire the sublime acquiescence and loyalty of his wife; yet, in following her course, it is impossible not to feel that the alloy of a little natural self-assertion furnishes a necessary working quality in the imperfect affairs of humanity, and that Helen Ward was nearly as great a foe to domestic peace from one extreme, as were, from the other, Psyche and Elsa of Brabant. John Ward's concerns, however, are not the only, perhaps not the main, interest of the book. The village of Ashurst supplies some charming scenes of country life, drawn with the tender grace and quaintness in which the poet of 'The Old Garden' dipped an earlier pen. Dr. Howe's figure is an especially individual one. He is the genial rector of the village, whose theology is wholly perfunctory, whose kindness of heart is wholly real. It is as impossible not to be fond of him as it is to feel that in any crisis he would prove a stronghold. Mammon has no temptations for him, but common sense has, in situations where common sense is a blunder, or at least a crime. About the village spinsters and the elderly village bachelor, and the loves and rivalries and incompleting lives of Ashurst, hangs an old-time fragrance, as of a grandmother's rose-jar; but only a modern novelist (or a Greek poet) could have stated and left unsolved so many questions touching on tragedy.

RECENT PHILOSOPHY.

The Sensualistic Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century. By Robert T. Dabney, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 415. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

Introduction to the Study of Philosophy. By J. H. W. Stückenberg, D.D. 8vo, pp. 419. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1888.

The Ethic of Free Thought. By Karl Pearson, M.A. 8vo, pp. 446. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

The Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. 8vo, pp. 176. Longmans, Green & Co.

DR. DABNEY does not embody the characteristics we require of a philosopher. He seems to have begun life with certain conceptions, perhaps obtained from the Westminster Catechism, which he has apparently resolved never to modify. No discoveries of science will move him, and he decides the merits of a doctrine solely by its consequences to some preconceived conviction which had been adopted only upon authority. He has two pigeonholes for all philosophers—one for the "sensualistic" and the other for the "a priori." The sensualistic school is the object of the most irreconcilable animosity—*est delendum*. Locke is held responsible for all the philosophic heresies that have come into the world since his time; and Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Mill, Bain, and this school generally are refuted by proving them disciples of Locke, and then triumphantly repeating the old platitudes against his system. The author has a mortal antipathy to any man who lays stress upon sensations. The defence of his own position is very much as if he had been born to know things without any sensational experience at all. In distinguishing between sensations and intelligence, he does not realize that he is dealing with abstractions. If he had read Green's 'Introduction to Hume,' or was at all acquainted with modern psychology, he would not have committed such a mis-

take. But he discusses the problem as if intellectual activities were as independent of the sensible as visual is independent of tactual experience. Hence his persistent anathemas against every real or apparent approach to Lockian doctrine.

Now, we have no admiration for that philosophy. But we think it time to stop making a bugbear of it, and to allow its unfortunate author some relief from assault. The issues of life or death for present thought are hardly involved in the mould of two centuries. Philosophers are no longer seriously alarmed by attacks upon "innate ideas." Kant has taught them that there is no necessary antithesis between "empiricism" and "a-priorism," and they have begun to settle down at the problems of the present and the future, with no disposition to accept the verdict of the past as final. But the work under notice has the appearance of opposing every advance of the last hundred years merely because the author cannot reconcile the results of progress with the conceptions of his childhood. It can find circulation and support only among those who want something to quote in favor of doctrines they are unwilling to modify. The discussion of Positivism and Evolution is much after the style of the newspaper assaults upon them when they first appeared—much more characterized by passion than by reason. Of course in a book of 400 pages some true things ought to be said, and many sharp things are said. But they are as generally irrelevant as their spirit is provoking, and hence they convert nobody. We maintain that philosophy is nothing unless it makes men candid and reasonable.

We are glad to remark a complete contrast with the foregoing in the work of Dr. Stuckenberg. It must command the respect of all schools of thought. It is not a philosophy, nor a psychology, nor a book to defend any particular system of metaphysics. It is simply what it purports to be, an "introduction" to the subject. In this respect it supplies for teacher and student alike a much-felt want. The problems and relations of philosophy are clearly analyzed and set out before the student, so that he may gain some familiarity with its questions without having to plod through too many original systems or their history. But the most commendable feature of all is the truth-loving spirit of the author, and his resolution to encourage justice to theories which he does not accept. He does not conceal from himself, or from the student, that there are questions to be considered which may issue in very greatly modifying the views we have inherited from tradition.

We have no space to say much of the contents of the 'Introduction.' There are four chapters which discuss in their order the Theory of Knowledge, or Noetics, Metaphysics, Æsthetics, and Ethics. In that on noetics there are some interesting and even important remarks upon the relation of evolution to the question about the origin and the nature and validity of knowledge. The chapter on ethics is perhaps the ablest in the work, and may have been made so by the commanding interest which the present age is showing in that subject. The relation between utilitarianism and the imperative "ought" of Kantian fame is admirably adjusted, so that the student can approach the subject with Bacon's maxim as a motto: "Read neither to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, but to weigh and consider." The bibliography and list of subjects for "reflection," attached to each chapter, are very valuable.

The 'Ethic of Free Thought' is conceived in a negative attitude to the theological spirit,

and attempts to throw light upon some pressing questions of the day. It is not a treatise upon ethics, but a series of essays having a general connection with religious and moral problems. It is interesting to notice the calm and, perhaps, impertinent assurance with which the author affirms the obsolete character of the "Christian verities." He says in the preface: "I set out from the standpoint that the mission of Freethought is no longer to batter down old faiths; that has been long ago effectively accomplished, and I, for one, am ready to put a railing round the ruins, that they may be preserved from desecration and serve as a landmark." But then, when we come to notice the influences which have determined his conception of religion, they are found to be the mysticism of such men as the scholastics, and Spinoza, Maimonides, Eckhart, etc., and certain insoluble speculations in metaphysics. He here evades some vital elements of its ethics. Nevertheless, the author's spirit is decidedly positive, and it is refreshing to observe a freethinker present something more than iconoclasm as the fruit of his labor. The book is worth our notice mainly as an indication of tendencies which are increasing in force, and which all social and moral efforts have to reckon with in the reconstruction of our beliefs. It is a little erratic, and betrays a want of unity that is desirable in such a work. Besides, there is more sympathy with metaphysical speculations about the nature of the universe than is required of one who is going to discuss some practical problems.

The chapter on Luther is depreciative of the man, and holds him up in a very bad light; but Mr. Pearson is not more one-sided than is usual with admirers of the Reformer. The discussions of most value are those upon Sociology in Part third of the work, which include "the moral basis of socialism," "the woman's question," and "socialism and sex," and are the most interesting of the five chapters. The second of these subjects is an expansion of some views advanced by John Stuart Mill, and its importance is made very clear. It is maintained that the social and political independence of woman, by which the ideals and activities of her life shall be as extensive as those of man, will produce, in a perfectly moral way, one of the checks so much desired by Malthus to limit the growth of population. Socialism is, of course, taken in its better sense, and the economic problems occasioned by large industrial operations and the concentration of wealth, with their concomitant of unequal distribution, are handled in an earnest and scholarly manner. Speculative theologians and philosophers need more acquaintance with such subjects, even if they must obtain their information from the much-abused freethinker.

The last work under notice needs only brief mention. It is but another illustration of the spirit and tendency embodied in the work of Mr. Pearson, although it does not attempt to discuss practical problems. The usual doctrines of philosophic theism, religious beliefs, and ethical codes are examined, but pronounced upon from the position of a freethinker. Science and naturalism are the author's deities, and we meet again an influence which theology seems powerless to counteract.

Social History of the Races of Mankind. Second Division. Oceano-Melanesians. By A. Featherman. London: Trübner & Co. 8vo, pp. xxxii, 420.

MR. FEATHERMAN'S book is a valuable sum-

mary of what the principal voyagers in the Pacific Ocean, from the time of Capt. Cook to our own day, have reported concerning the manners, customs, and traditions of the brown Polynesians, and of some other races; for the work is somewhat heterogeneous in its scope. The brown Polynesian tribes are twelve in number, and all of these are here described, except the Cook's Islanders, for whom space should have been found. The work might well have been restricted to the brown Polynesians proper, and the distinct races inhabiting the Pelew, Caroline, Marshall, Marion or Ladrone Islands, and Madagascar in the Indian Ocean, elsewhere treated of. Mr. Featherman's class of Oceano-Melanesians is defensible; but any one who knows the brown Polynesian well will recognize his physique, his language, and his customs as constituting a type that distinguishes him almost or quite as clearly from other Melanesians as the Spaniard is distinguishable from the Englishman.

The characteristics of these extremely interesting and fast-disappearing barbarians—their arts, their dress, their amusements, their creeds, their moral character, their governments, their religions, their superstitions, their physical traits, their sexual usages, their poetry, their history—all are here set down with care and fulness. Special pains have been taken to preserve the records of these different communities as they were first observed by the earlier voyagers, with which are given, by way of contrast, sketches of their present condition. Nothing is more remarkable, or more clearly brought out in this concordance of the facts, than the unity of the brown Polynesian race in all essential respects. The customs, the character, the language, and many of the traditions are the same from Hawaii to New Zealand, and from the eastern Pijis to Waibu (Easter Island), a stretch of 5,000 miles in one direction, and 4,000 in the other. The writer has stepped ashore upon Cook's Islands, after a voyage of 3,000 miles due south from Honolulu, and conversed with the Aitutakian in the Hawaiian tongue.

Especially interesting are the materials that are here brought together for the comparative study of character and customs throughout this vast expanse of island groups. In no other part of the world is sexual morality so archaic. Only in the Samoan Islands and in Rotuma is the least value set upon female chastity, at least in the unmarried. In general the brown Polynesian girl has equal liberty with the men, and disposes of herself as she pleases, continence on her part being usually reproached as "stinginess." After marriage—so called, for marriage in all these communities is but a slight and impermanent tie, usually dissoluble at the will of either party—after marriage the woman is held to chastity as long as the relation lasts; but a relaxation of the marriage bond, with the entire consent of the husband, is frequently made in favor of foreigners, or of domestic visitors of rank. No other publication known to us gives such a full and interesting conspectus of the marital and sexual usages of the Polynesian. Infanticide and cannibalism are also touched upon, though with less fulness. These topics, indeed, the Polynesian generally shows unwillingness to discuss with foreigners, being restrained by their severely critical attitude towards the practices in question—an attitude, it may be added, which the foreigner has not usually taken in regard to the sexual freedom of the South Sea Islanders. Charles Darwin found difficulty in collecting the data upon infanticide that were needed for his work upon the 'Descent of Man.' But in all social inquiries which turn upon sex, the

essential data are usually the hardest to obtain.

As to the missionary work and influence in Polynesia, Mr. Featherman takes a view which is undoubtedly correct, namely, that while the introduction of Christianity among the Polynesians was a well-intended work, and usually sincere on the part of the missionaries, if not on that of the Boards, none the less it has been a potent factor in the disintegration of the Polynesian race. The Easter Islanders, for instance, are now reduced to 150 in number, and are great thieves, but they "are most adroit in making the sign of the cross in the orthodox fashion." These natives, like other Polynesians, have passively consented to accept the creed which the missionaries profess.

The chapter upon the Hawaiians is full and excellent, though it is marred, like the rest of the book, by innumerable typographical errors in the Polynesian words. The defect is inevitable in any work of this sort, unless the proofs are read by a Polynesian scholar. It is unfortunate that the publishers did not secure the services of Mr. Stephen Spencer of London in this task, one which he performed admirably for Judge Fornander's work on 'The Polynesian Race.' Mr. Featherman cites—with approximate accuracy—the following curiosity of the Hawaiian language, one which could be easily matched in any other of the Polynesian dialects; it is a sentence composed entirely of vowels: "'E i ai oe ia ia e oo ia.'" Literally translated, this means, 'Speak to him now that he may learn.'

Should another edition of the book be called for, we would suggest more frequent references, in the shape of foot-notes, to Mr. Featherman's varied sources of information, of which, we must not fail to add, he is himself an intelligent critic.

Yankee Girls in Zulu Land. By Louise Vescelius-Sheldon. Illustrated by G. E. Graves, after sketches from life by E. J. Austen. Worthington Co. 1888. Pp. 287, 8vo.

THE brighter, sunnier side of life in South Africa has rarely if ever been more charmingly described than in this little volume. It is life, also, in its most varied aspects, not simply as seen in the older settlements of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, but also in Kimberley and Pretoria. The young travellers visit an Englishman's ranch, and they board at a Boer's farm, and never appear to be more comfortable than when camping out on the desert plains of the Free State. They use every mode of conveyance, steamer, railway, coach, and ox-wagon, and show a very decided preference for the wagon. The object of these extensive wanderings is health—one of the three ladies being an invalid—and this is found in the dry and bracing atmosphere of the Transvaal. It is this fact, possibly, which leads the diarist of the party to write so enthusiastically of the Transvaal, not only as the most interesting country which they visited, but also, "with its undeveloped mineral wealth, its rich soil, the game which abounds there for the hunter, and, above all, with its glorious climate, the country of the future of South Africa." If all its towns were like Potchefstroom, there would probably be no dissent from this opinion. This place was "like a large orchard, so abundant are the fruit trees. Every street is a boulevard of orange and peach trees, which here grow side by side. The very hedgerows are figs and quinces, while everywhere may be seen grapevines, lemons, shaddocks, and bananas. Between the sidewalk and the street is a well-kept grass plot, with a stream of clear water running in the midst of it." Our travellers' expe-

rience of the health-giving qualities of the air of the uplands, especially when breathed from an ox-wagon, was not solitary. Among the passengers on the steamer which brought them to Africa "were two brothers, and one was so ill that we never expected to see him again in this life," but he turns up at Bloemfontein, "the picture of health, entirely owing, he said, to the wonderful effects of the climate" and six months in an ox-wagon. Natal, with its singularly beautiful coast and fine rolling, grassy plains, not unlike English downs, a genial land in which nearly everything seems to grow, was second only to the Transvaal in interest. At its capital, Pietermaritzburg, with its imposing public buildings and its lovely vine-clad villas surrounded by cactus hedges and camellia trees twenty feet high, with a theatre at which English operas are "as well mounted and sung" as in London, was found "much more social life . . . than in any other South African town."

With a stay of several months at this place ended the pleasant African life of our author and her sisters, and we close the book with as much reluctance as they finally turned their back upon the scenes amid which they had enjoyed so much. It should not be presumed, however, that Miss (or Mrs.) Vescelius-Sheldon entirely ignores the disagreeable part of travelling in South Africa, the long, wearisome coach-rides, and the wretched fare at the wayside stopping-places, the terrific thunder-storms, the strangely oppressive loneliness, of which all travellers speak; these are all apparent again and again, but only as inevitable discomforts to be made little of. The illustrations, apparently from drawings by one of the three "Yankee girls" (reproduced by the process with which recent French works have made us familiar), are admirably in harmony with the sprightly narrative, being, at times, like that, full of humor, and, in the case of the Zulu in the cactus bush, on page 272, unusually fine. The book, which is a very attractive specimen of typography, is disfigured by too many verbal errors, especially in the spelling of proper names. It lacks also even the meagre table of contents which one expects to find in every book.

An Elementary Treatise on Kinematics and Dynamics. By James Gordon Macgregor, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 8vo, pp. xvi, 512.

THIS is, in many respects, a remarkable book. It is, as Bishop Whately was fond of saying, "paradoxical yet true," that the work is full of novelties, yet contains little that is new. It is a treatise on Mechanics, taking that word in its widest signification, as including the whole theory of both motion and force. The work is elementary in so far as it does not assume the reader's knowledge of mathematics to extend beyond Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry; but one who has previously studied Analytical Geometry and the Calculus will read the book with incomparably less labor than one who has not.

Professor Macgregor does not use the word "Mechanics" at all, and, though his own work is the best possible evidence of the essential unity of the two subjects of which it treats, he suggests no other name in its place. Many modern writers on Mechanics, especially English writers, have, more or less completely, adopted the division of the science into two branches—"kinematics," which treats of motion without reference to the forces by which it is produced; and "kinetics," which treats of the action of force. Professor Macgregor adopts this distinction, but, for some reason

which he does not explain, he retains the old term "Dynamics" in place of "Kinetics." For reasons which we have no space to explain, it would have been much better, if "Kinematics" is adopted, to take "Kinetics" also. The time-honored division of Mechanics into Statics and Dynamics the author rejects, regarding Statics as only a part of Dynamics. The distinction between Statics and Dynamics, though still maintained by even the most recent writers (see the works of Minchin and Greaves) has long been more formal than real; the true relation of the two was most elaborately and clearly explained, more than half a century ago (1830), by Comte in the first volume of his 'Philosophie Positive.'

Professor Macgregor's book is full of new terms and expressions, new definitions of old terms, new names for old notions. Most of these have been suggested or proposed by other modern writers, but many seem to be of his own invention. Thus the expression "tubes of force" (p. 26 *et seq.*), we do not recollect having seen. At first sight the expression irresistibly suggests the idea of "putting up" force as dealers in artists' materials do paints. The word "velocity," which is used most frequently in scientific language in the same signification as in ordinary conversation, is superseded by the word "speed," and, by a new definition, is restricted "to a more complex conception." The result is that a point may frequently move with very great speed and very little velocity. So, for the usual signification of the word "acceleration" we have the phrase "rate of change of speed," or, more succinctly, "change of speed," the old word again being restricted "to a more complex conception"; at the same time the author says regretfully: "It is desirable that a name should be invented for the phrase 'rate of change of speed.' Hayward has proposed the term *quickeness*" (p. 29). Why he does not adopt it the author does not tell us.

But with all its peculiarities we strongly recommend the work to the perusal of all those engaged in teaching Mechanics. It is evidently the product of long and careful labor and thought, by one who thoroughly understands his subject. It takes a very comprehensive view of the science; everything is presented in a strictly scientific form, and it leaves on the reader's mind a strong impression of consistency and unity of plan. Its constant use of the method of limits forms an excellent introduction to those portions of the science in which the employment of the calculus becomes indispensable. A very good index adds to the value of the work.

William of Germany: A Succinct Biography of William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia. By Archibald Forbes. Cassell & Co.

William I. and the German Empire: A Biographical and Historical Sketch. By G. Barnett Smith. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1888.

WELL-REGULATED newspaper offices are provided with biographical notices of distinguished men who are expected to die at any moment; and in the case of a man like the late Emperor William, whose great age had for some years past made him a shining mark for death, it is but natural that professional book-makers should lie in wait with biographies differing from newspaper articles in little but their length. The two books named at the head of this notice are favorable specimens of this class, and although both of them are useful and readable manuals of interesting information, it is hardly to be

expected that either will survive to attain any rank in the world of literature.

Mr. Forbes's book has the dash and picturesque of treatment which one expects from so famous a war correspondent. It is, as set forth in its title, a succinct biography, and leaves impressed on the mind of its readers a vivid picture of its hero, who is the central figure of the canvas, the historical accessories being merely accessories and nothing more. Along with the qualities of good newspaper work, the book has the attendant defects of style: it is disfigured by slang, some of it Carlylean of a particularly offensive brand, and some the ordinary British reporter's jargon. The publishers seem to regard the book as a mere catchpenny affair; they do not even put a date on the title-page, and, while the print is large enough and leaded, the whole physiognomy of the book is anything but attractive.

Mr. Smith's work is, as its title indicates, fuller and more ambitious; its mechanical execution is much more satisfactory, and, although bearing a Chicago imprint, it is of unmistakably English workmanship, besides being provided with an index. It is not only a biography of the Emperor William, but also a history of Germany since his accession. It has the great merit of not attempting to distort or conceal facts in the interest of its hero, and its plain narrative of events sets forth in a glaring light the unjustifiable and arbitrary course of Prussia in the war against Denmark in 1864, as well as the uniformly absolutist policy of the late Emperor. The brilliant achievements of the German armies in 1866 and 1870, however they may dazzle the generation that witnessed them, should not blind us to the many questionable methods which led up to and accompanied them. Such methods may be condoned by success, but they are not thereby justified. In the general patriotic chorus of praise of the Emperor William which his death awoke on both sides of the ocean, it is perhaps too much to expect a cold view of the actual facts from a German writer; hence Mr. Smith's book possesses a value beyond what its literary merits would confer.

Life of Walter Harriman. With selections from his speeches and writings. By Amos Hadley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

WITH all respect to the memory of Gov. Harriman and to the devotion of Mr. Hadley, we feel obliged to pronounce this book singularly devoid of interest. Those who were personally acquainted with Gov. Harriman will doubtless read it with pleasure, and those who care to follow the details of the State politics of New Hampshire will find here some information; but the book can be recommended to no others. The style is very little better than that of the ordinary correspondence of the country newspaper, garnished with quotations of colloquial English, and the substance is eulogy of the most indiscriminating character. Quite as indiscriminate is the collection of speeches, editorials, letters, etc., with which the book is padded. There are Thanksgiving proclamations and Fourth of July orations, Gubernato-

rial messages and political documents, and newspaper comments upon them all. There are even lists of the places where campaign speeches were to be made, and, what is most remarkable, Mr. Hadley actually prints the letters of recommendation which Gov. Harriman procured when seeking to be appointed Naval Officer at Boston. Lest this should not be enough, there is added a condensation of the book of travels which he wrote after his return from a visit to the Old World.

In spite of all this, it is possible to see that Gov. Harriman's life was in many respects a typical one. His early history resembled in its vicissitudes that of most of our self-made men. He was a farmer's son, then a teacher, then a Universalist preacher, then a merchant, and from a very early period a politician. He was a Democrat, but upon the outbreak of the war he loyally supported the Administration, raised a regiment, and did good service in the field. He became one of the most popular stump-speakers in New England, and though his speeches are not very readable, they must have been effectively delivered. He was twice Governor, and declined a renomination. His career, as traced in this biography, was manly and upright, and it is, after all, satisfactory to reflect that it is inconspicuous only because of the number of similar careers.

Elements of the Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages. By Karl Brugmann. Vol. I. Introduction and Phonology. Translated from the German by Joseph Wright, Ph.D. B. Westermann & Co.

THE significance of this masterwork of Brugmann for the progress of science is to be measured, not so much by the new material it contains, nor by any definite settlement of long-disputed questions it may offer, as by its complete control of the entire existing material of the science, by its deftness in asserting it, and its priceless clearness in the statement of results. It represents the complete triumph of an orderly mind over the most distracted material. Seldom are united in one man as in the author so comprehensive and exactly thorough an acquaintance with the detail of his subject, and so fine a sense for the relation of the part to a scheme of the whole.

That there existed a need for the book there can be no doubt. The fourth and latest edition of Schleicher's 'Compendium' was so far behind the times at the date of its appearance (1876), that the editors, Leskien and Schmidt, declined to essay any revision. The German edition of Brugmann's book appeared late in 1886, and has, by common consent, proved itself to be both an indispensable hand-book for the specialist and a convenient and eminently reliable resource for students of the related disciplines. A good English translation is therefore welcome. In a book of this kind, where the accessibility of the fact, and not the style of presentation, is of first importance, an English buyer will always prefer a good translation to the original.

We have before us a good, but by no means an excellent, translation. The rendering is faithful, and to a fault. The translator nouri-

ishes, fortunately, no ambition to better the author. He takes him as he is, for better or for worse—idioms and all. The German peers through many a phrase, stares barefaced through some; cf. "fall together with" (*zusammenfallen mit*), where 'be merged with' is meant; "occurs opposite to" (*steht—gegenüber*); "partly underwent contraction for—, partly, etc." (*theils verschmolzen—theils*). Many a barbarous "already" testifies to an ill-digested "*schon*"; cf. page 131, "dropped out already in primitive Baltic-Slavic"; page 175, "The nasal was often unwritten already in the oldest inscriptions." "After" is often a bad rendering of "*nach*," as, "The explosives after their form of articulation"; also "beside" for "*neben*." The German prototype is unmistakable in the future of, "*κλόνις* will also belong to this category" (*auch wird gehören*). On page 291 there is a curious mistranslation of *auch* ("also" instead of even); "Lat. *c* had the pronunciation *k* also before *e*- and *i*-vowels down to the Middle Ages."

In the difficult matter of finding equivalents for the technical terms, our translator has had, in general, good success. "Vowel-gradation" and "vowel-mutation" seem to be now accepted renderings of *Ablaut* and *Umlaut*, though the general method of our language in framing technical terms would have been better represented by "apophony" and "metaphony." The term "sonant" has been much used in this country and in England, e. g., by Whitney, as the opposite to "surd"; our translator uses it as the opposite to "consonant," while "voiced" is his equivalent for *tönend*. This is justifiable. "Primitive" is only a half rendering of *ur-*, as in *urgermanisch*; "proethnic" is better. "New formation" does not translate *Neubildung*; 'neologism' is the word.

In spite of such blemishes, the translation seldom gives occasion to a positive misunderstanding of the original. The proof-reading has been carefully done. Minor errors of the original have been corrected, and slight additions made by the author.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Black, W. The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 50 cents.
Boissier, G. Madame de Sévigné. (The Great French Writers.) Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.
Bryan, E. L. Agnes Surriage. Fourth edition. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
Caro, E. George Sand. (The Great French Writers.) Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.
Douglas, Amanda M. The Midnight Marriage. A Novel. A. L. Burt. 25 cents.
Du Bois-Melly. The History of Nicolas Muss: An Episode of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Harper & Bros.
Green, J. R. Histoire du Peuple Anglais. Traduite de l'Anglais par Auguste Monod. Paris: Plon, Nourrit & Cie. 2 vols.
Haggard, H. R. Mr. Meeson's Will: A Novel. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Hymns and Tunes as Sung at St. Thomas's Church, New York. Music by George W. Warren. Harper & Bros.
Nesmith, J. E. Monadnock, and Other Sketches in Verse. Riverside Press.
Paris, Comte de. History of the Civil War in America. Vol. IV. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Sage, D. The Restigouche and Its Salmon Fishing. Edinburgh: David Douglas; New York: Scribner & Welford.
Stepniak. The Russian Peasantry: Their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion. Harper & Bros.
Verestchagin, A. At Home and in War. 1853—1881. Reminiscences and Anecdotes. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$1.75.
Waters, Henry F. Genealogical Gleanings in England. Vol. 1, Part 2. Boston: New England Historic Genealogical Society.
Wright, Julia McN. Sea-Side and Wayside. (Nature Readers. Nos. 1 and 2.) Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Wright, J. Middle High-German Primer. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Wright, T. F. The Realities of Heaven. Philadelphia: W. H. Alden. 15 cents.

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